

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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Apollinaris is 'sparkling' spring water

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for the everyday necessity
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Brewers
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The great Ale of England

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"PROSPECT POINT", STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

From a painting by Canadian artist, Sidney A. Barron—a leading water-colour interpreter of British Columbia scenes.

Outpost of the Empire

A thousand acres of evergreen forest . . . rock-girt shoreline and unspoiled natural beauty contrasts delightfully with curiously carved Indian totem poles to culminate at Prospect Point. Here, where the mountains come down to the sea, unfolds the majestic sweep of the North Shore Range . . . the skyline homes of British Properties . . . the towering span of the Lions Gate Bridge.

But British Columbia does not live by scenic beauty alone. This is a land where giant new empires of industry are coming to life . . . in the mines, the forests and the salmon-teeming seas. Truly, one of Canada's fast-growing Provinces is only beginning its greatest era of development.

In British Columbia, just as in Britain, Africa and other parts of the world, Brooke Bond maintain their own fleet of Sales Vans. In B.C., as elsewhere, Brooke Bond means *good tea . . . fresh tea . . . always*.

* * *

More and more people are enjoying Brooke Bond—good tea and fresh.

Over 100 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day throughout the world.

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

Brooke Bond



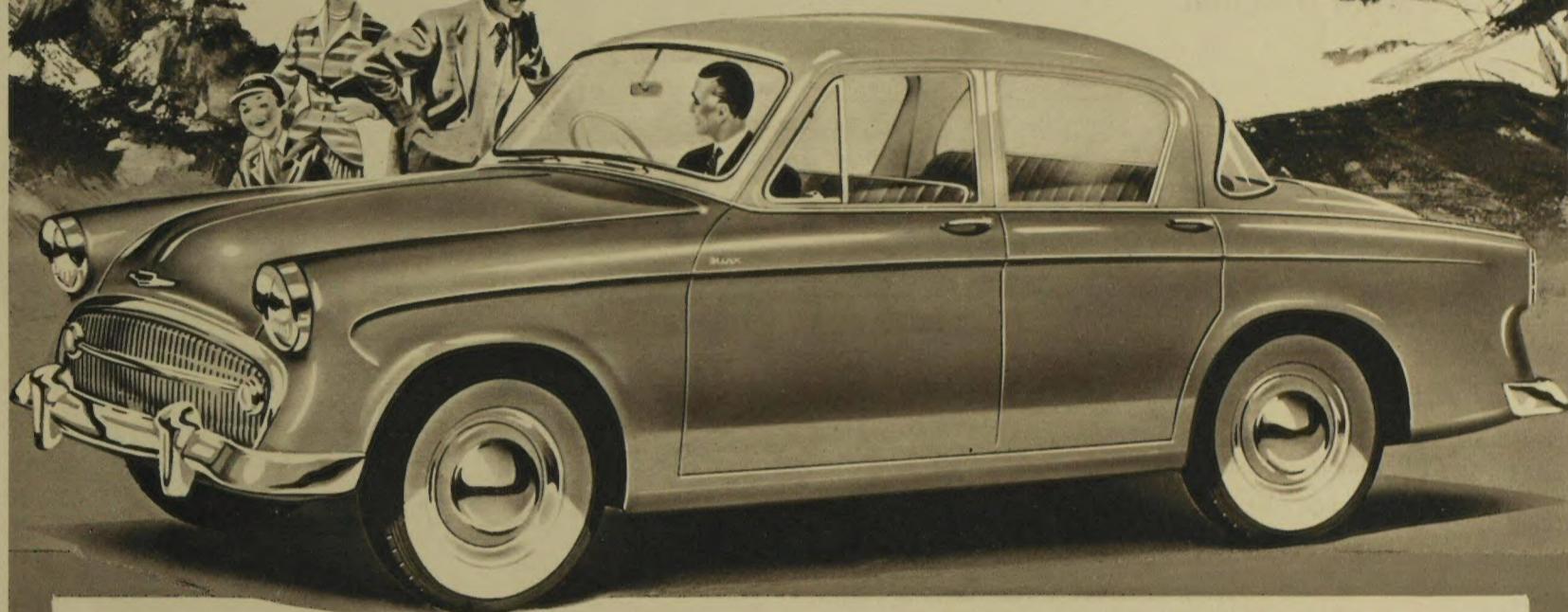
good tea - and *FRESH!*

We specially recommend



New as today... in every way!

NEW HILLMAN MINX



NEW HILLMAN MINX DE LUXE SALOON

New styling! Long, low, elegant lines. *Years of 'up-to-date' ownership for you!*

New standards of safety! Big brakes, super-stability, tenacious road holding and *exceptional* all-round visibility.

New vivacity! Better-than-ever performance, brilliant acceleration. 75 m.p.h. with economy!

New 3-dimensional comfort! More leg-room, more head-room, more seat-space. Fine appointments—*outstanding luxury!*

New ease-of-entry! A convenient 'step-down' floor and wide-opening doors. Seating within the wheelbase for a smoother ride.

New easy-to-load boot! *Tremendous new luggage space.* Spring-assisted lid.

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SPECIAL SALOON
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CONVERTIBLE
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finest of them all!



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BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS
ROOTES MOTORS LIMITED

A film star? Never. A soldier? Once.
 An explorer? In a manner of speaking . . .
 An artist? Certainly! . . .
 and a most designing individual.
 What's more, a man with a reputation
 for understanding the good things of life.
 Let's have a word with him.

Sir! Will you join us in a small glass of something?

*Why, thank you. I will. Not too small, if you
 don't mind . . . and not too strong.*

A dry Martini?

*This morning I feel more inclined to a straight
 vermouth—shall we say a Martini Dry.
 And I'll take it, if I may, in a large glass.
 You can't appreciate a first-rate vermouth in thimblefuls.*

That's an interesting answer.
 We'll have the same. Nothing with it?

*Coldness—a good barman provides that free!
 And an olive by all means.
 The colour of an olive tones well with the Martini.
 The flavour of an olive doesn't quarrel
 with the subtleties in the glass.
 Settings are important. I wouldn't, for instance,
 drink even a Martini from a chipped china mug.*

But, china mugs apart . . .?

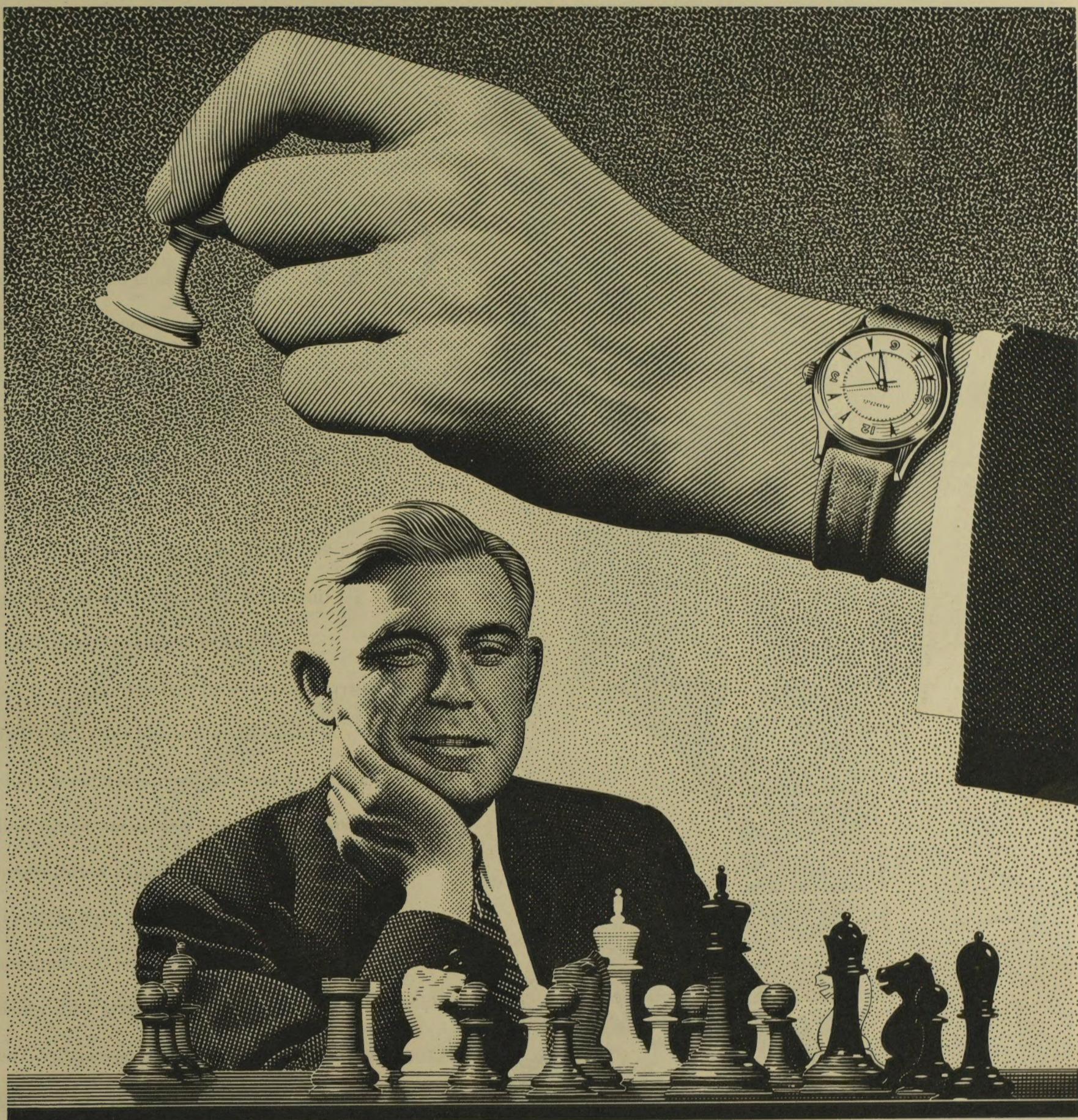
*There's no better drink in the wide world
 than Martini, dry or sweet.
 You can quote Hardy Amies on that.*



Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry



ROOK TAKES PAWN: MAN WINDS WATCH

YES, HE'S WINDING his watch as he plays. That's the marvel of the self-winding Swiss watch. It never forgets it needs winding. It picks up its own power from the smallest movement of your wrist. Can't get overwound: or unwound. And, because the main-spring keeps an *even* tension, this watch stays superbly accurate. You never have to wind it. Take it off at bedtime if you like—the jewelled-lever still

ticks faultlessly till morning! Ask any good jeweller to show you the self-winding Swiss watch—in styles for women as well as men. See, too, all the other great Swiss models—water-resistant and shock-resistant watches, calendar watches, chronometers and chronographs. Whatever kind of watch you want, the Swiss have made it—superlatively!

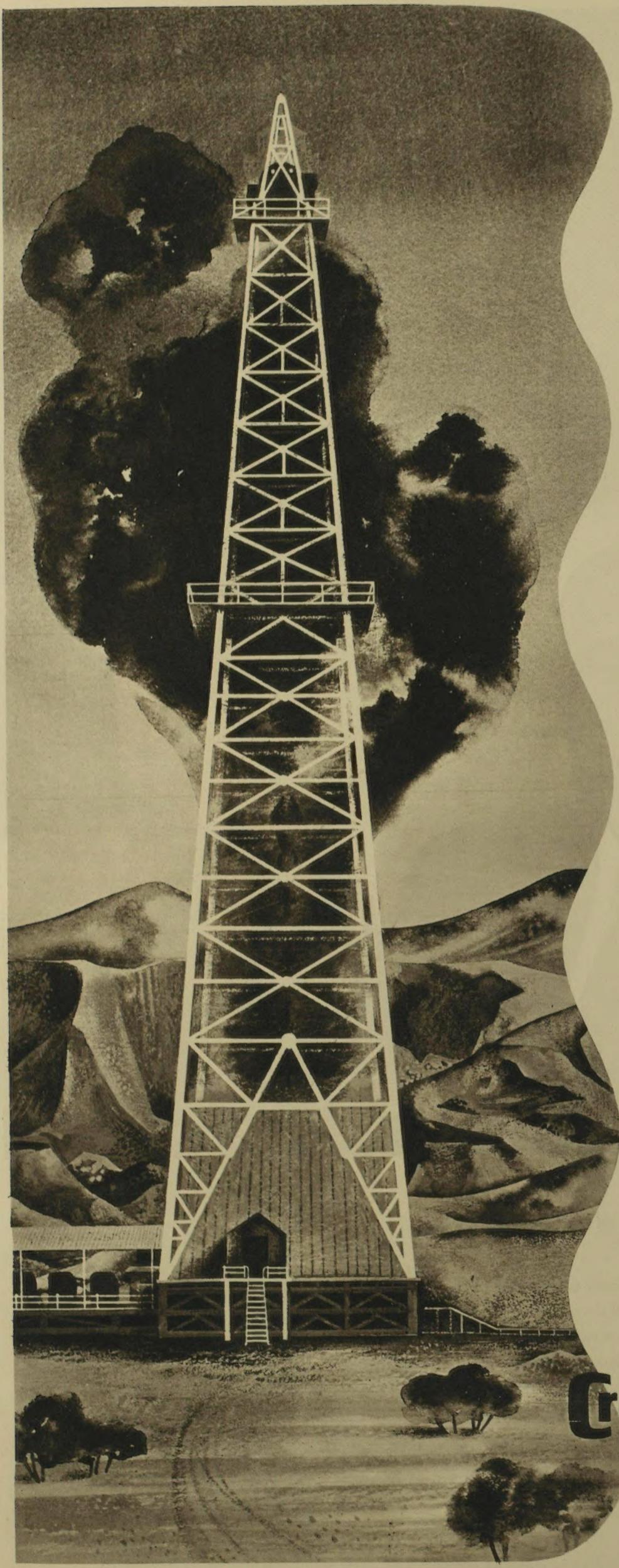
Your jeweller's knowledge
is your safeguard

Time is the art of the Swiss

SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS



Go to a jeweller, who provides full servicing. Then you're certain of skilled advice—not only when you choose your Swiss watch but all through its long life.



SOURCES OF POWER

Oil

Why is 'striking oil' a synonym for finding any sudden source of wealth? Most often the task of reaching oil is painfully long and laborious. Men must drill deep indeed before mineral oil will gush or can be pumped to the surface. And now that the world's demand for clean, controlled power is well-nigh insatiable, more and more oil is being

burned to generate electricity.

Between the crude oil that is burned to drive a turbo-alternator and the switch that starts a lathe or heats an oven, stretches a whole world of intricate, precise machinery and equipment—Crompton Parkinson's world, where they have long been pioneers.

It would be hard to find one major development in the control of electricity with which Crompton Parkinson have not been associated. The generating, conducting, measuring, moderating and utilising of electricity is their familiar province; a province they stand ready to widen when any new source of power whatsoever is discovered.



Crompton Parkinson

MAKERS OF ELECTRIC MOTORS OF ALL KINDS • ALTERNATORS AND GENERATORS • SWITCHGEAR • B.E.T. TRANSFORMERS • LAMPS INSTRUMENTS • LIGHTING EQUIPMENT • BATTERIES • CABLES STUD WELDING EQUIPMENT • TRACTION EQUIPMENT • CEILING FANS



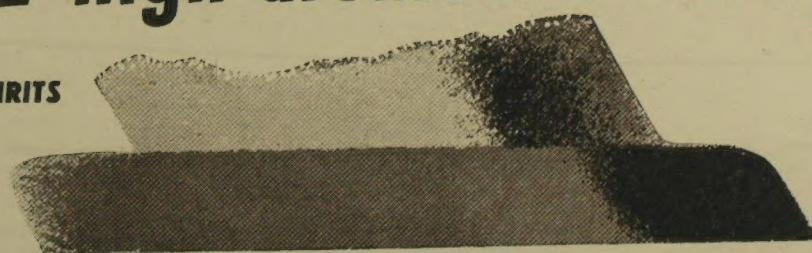
Aromatics are to your car what seven-league boots were to the Giant...

Aromatics are the things in a motor spirit that have extra built-in miles to the gallon...

Aromatics are what National Benzole Mixture has twice as much of

NATIONAL BENZOLE high-aromatic MIXTURE

THE MOST MODERN OF ALL MOTOR SPIRITS





"I think I'd like a little Scotch Whisky. I happen to know they've some White Horse."

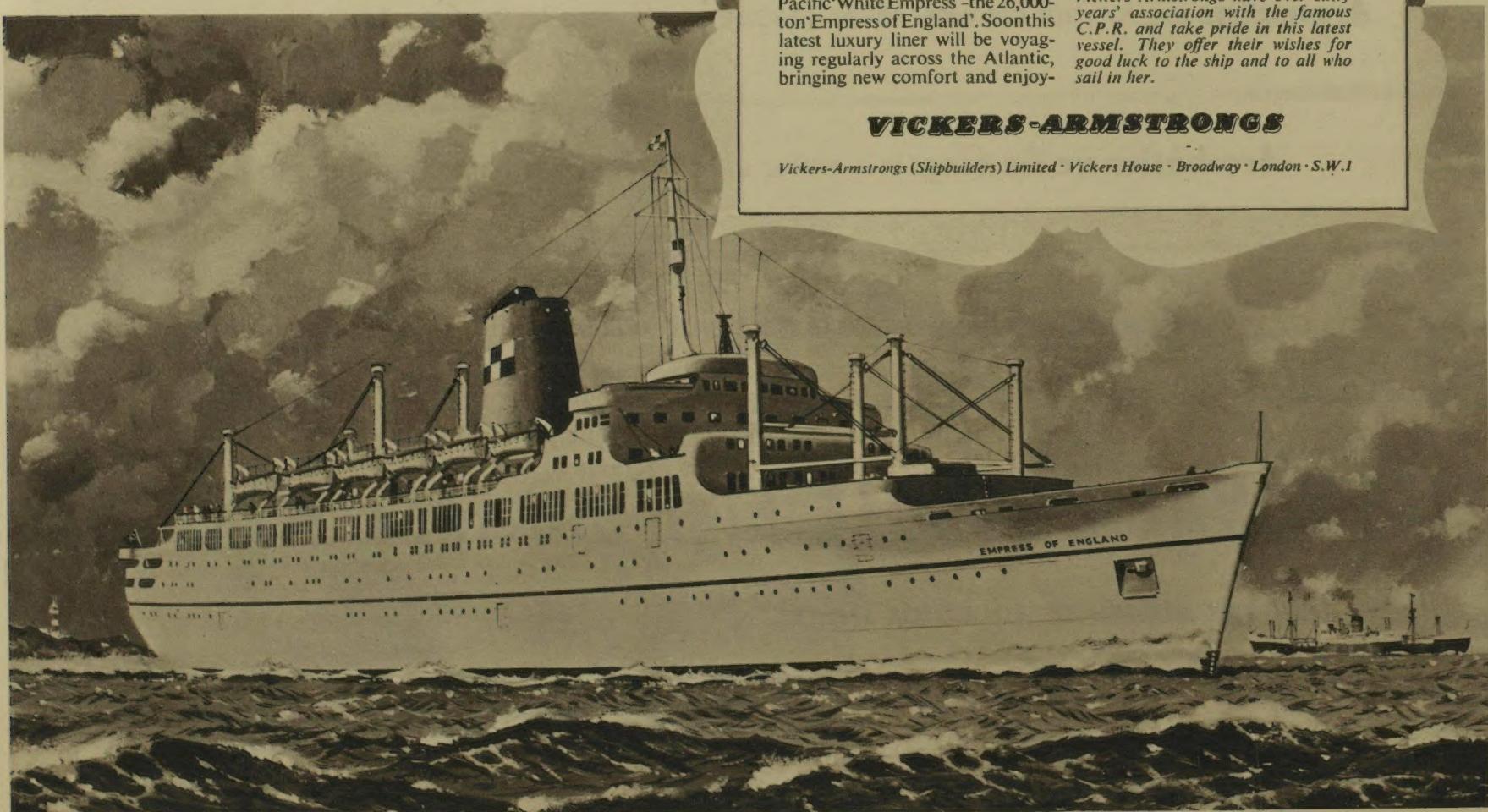
A New Empress takes the water

At Vickers-Armstrongs' Naval Yard, on 9th May, Lady Eden launched the latest Canadian Pacific 'White Empress'—the 26,000-ton 'Empress of England'. Soon this latest luxury liner will be voyaging regularly across the Atlantic, bringing new comfort and enjoyment to thousands of travellers to and from North America.

Vickers-Armstrongs have over sixty years' association with the famous C.P.R. and take pride in this latest vessel. They offer their wishes for good luck to the ship and to all who sail in her.

VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS

Vickers-Armstrongs (Shipbuilders) Limited · Vickers House · Broadway · London · S.W.1





One man and his job - in steel

MEET SAM GILBERT, charger-driver in a steelworks near Sheffield. He feeds the furnace with the raw materials for steel — and starts the white hot metal on the journey that will take it to building sites and oil wells, to road and factory construction projects right across the world.

As the world's demand grows, British steelmakers increase their efforts to turn out steel of the quality and quantity needed. Behind these increased efforts are men of the calibre of Sam Gilbert.

British steel leads the world



mind at rest

Step aboard an "Empress" liner at Liverpool and you embark on a welcome interlude of freedom from care. No pleasanter introduction to Canada, or indeed any country, than the "landscape" voyage up the St. Lawrence. No better stroke of business than to arrive refreshed.

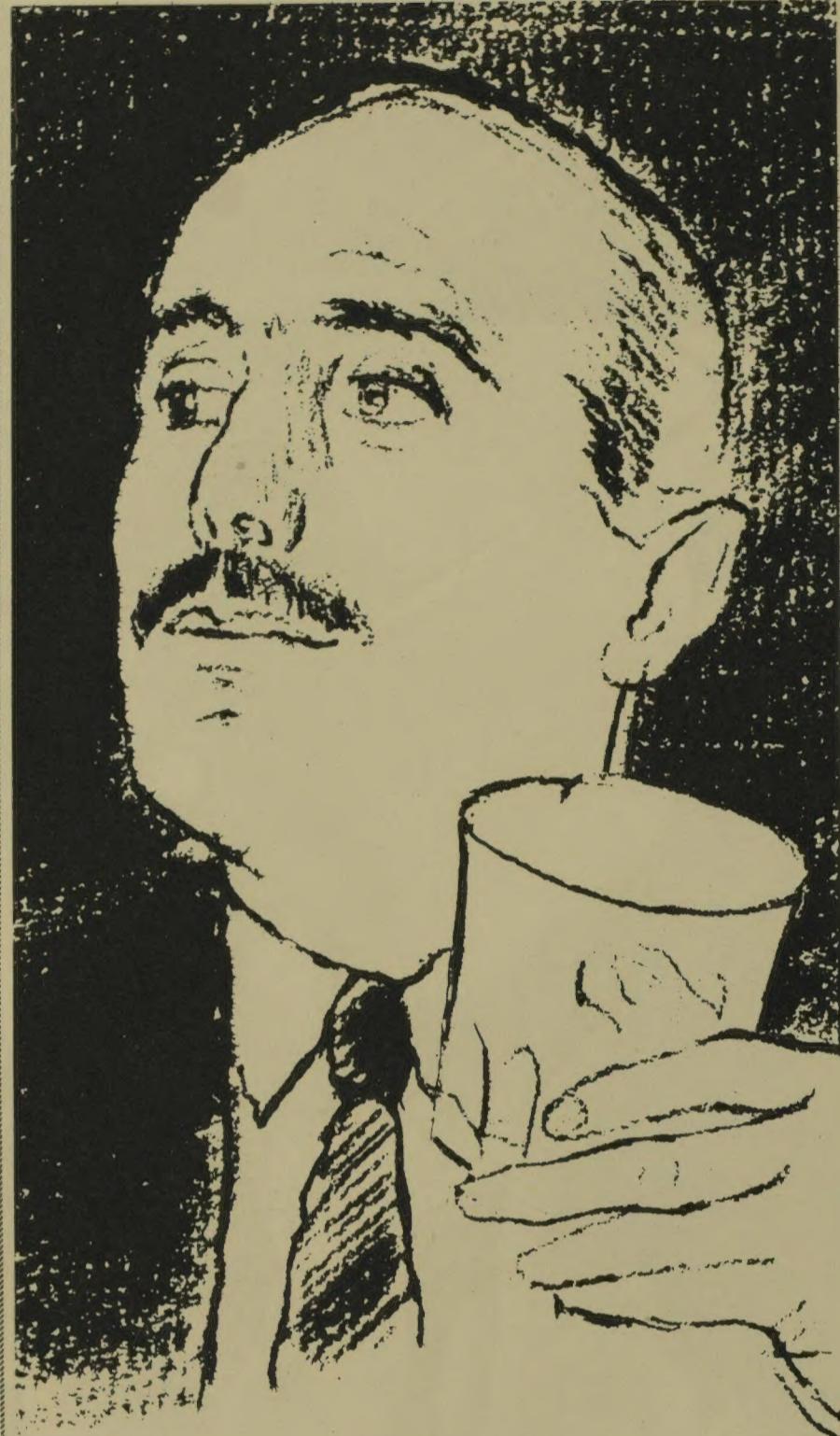
Canadian Pacific know how to do things. Food, comfort, service—these can easily be adequate: here they are magnificent. What is more, your journey on from Quebec or Montreal is a simple matter: Canadian Pacific trains give you the freedom of Canada, and run direct, too, to many points in the United States.

Canadian Pacific

IS WITH YOU ALL THE WAY

SAILINGS WEEKLY

Consult your travel agent or any Canadian Pacific Office.



From Cairo to Copenhagen, you'll hear it said . . .

**'This is
remarkably
good Scotch!'**

Remarkably good Scotch—that's Ballantine's. All over the world, men who recognise the best need look no further than Ballantine's—the superb Scotch.



Ballantine's
THE SUPERB SCOTCH



GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER BY C. F. TUNNICLIFFE, R.A.

Appreciation of natural beauty is most rewarding.
Be equally appreciative of your own natural beauty,
encourage it with the use of a really pure bland soap.

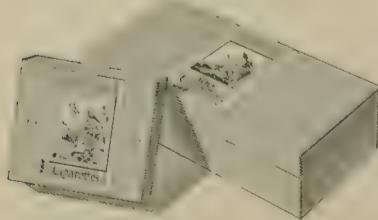
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IMPERIAL  LEATHER
Luxury Toilet and Bath Soaps

TOILET SIZE TENPENCE A TABLET



LUXURY
THAT LASTS

MATCHING TALCUM POWDER 3/3 BATH CUBES 3/6 BOX OF SIX AND THE FAMOUS MEN'S TOILET LUXURIES



20 for 4s. 6d.

100 for 22s. 6d.

Made by W. D. & H. O. Wills

PASSING CLOUDS

... not a cigarette you get offered in everybody's house, by any means; but

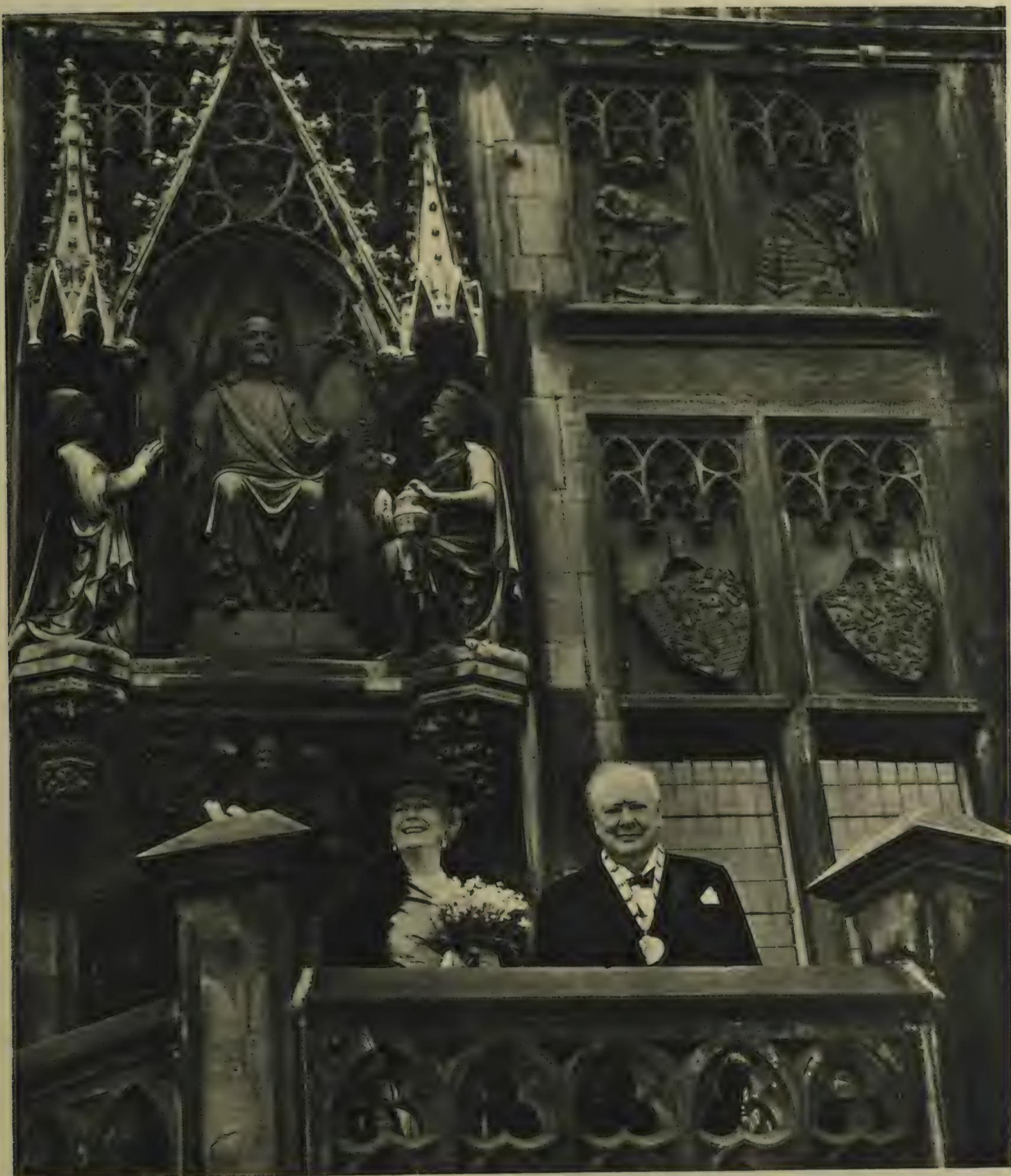
how gratifying when you are! For Passing Clouds, ever since 1874, have been made for people who prefer a Virginian-flavoured cigarette, but who

demand of it distinction, an oval shape, and—of course—superb quality.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1956.



AFTER RECEIVING THE CHARLEMAGNE PRIZE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE SIXTH RECIPIENT OF THIS GERMAN AWARD, ON THE BALCONY OF THE TOWN HALL AT AACHEN WITH LADY CHURCHILL.

In an impressive ceremony at Aachen on May 10, Sir Winston Churchill was presented with the Charlemagne Prize for his services to European unity. In the presence of Professor Heuss, the President of the German Federal Republic, the Chief Burgomaster of Aachen, Herr Heusch, decorated Sir Winston with the medal which is part of the prize. The ceremony took place in the famous Rathaus of Aachen, which has been

restored to its former beauty after suffering severe damage during the war. In his speech Sir Winston stressed the vital part that Russia must play in the true unity of Europe. He saw Europe's "main theme of salvation" in "the Grand Alliance of the European Powers linked with Canada and the United States, with the British Commonwealth as a member." Sir Winston was awarded the Charlemagne Prize last year.



BY ARTHUR BRYANT.

I REMEMBER so well a late spring or early summer afternoon at the beginning of the war. It must have been a Sunday at the end of April or start of May after the long blitz winter of 1940-41, and I had to walk across the Park to give a lecture in the Kensington Town Hall for, I think, the Ministry of Information. What the lecture was about or why I was giving it I have not the slightest recollection, and it is difficult to conceive what use at that time a lecture by me in the Kensington Town Hall could have been to anyone. It can have done, however, little harm, for, if my memory serves me right, there were very few people to listen to it. But at any rate it did the lecturer good because of that walk through the Park and Kensington Gardens. All London and his wife and children seemed to be there, revelling in the vivid greens and sunshine and birds singing after that dreadful winter. I suppose the Park must often have looked as lovely or lovelier—for it was full of war scars and military erections of every kind—before and since, but never can I remember thinking it lovelier. Its transient beauty at that moment recalled the verses that Siegfried Sassoon wrote after the horror of the trenches at the end of the First War:

Everyone suddenly
burst out singing;
And I was filled with
such delight
As prisoned birds
must find in
freedom
Winging wildly
across the white
Orchards and dark
green fields; on;
on; and out of
sight.

Everyone's voice was
suddenly lifted,
And beauty came
like the setting
sun.
My heart was shaken
with tears and
horror
Drifted away . . .
O but every one
Was a bird; and the
song was wordless;
the singing will
never be done.*

The horse-chestnuts, splendid with their verdant radiance and white candles, were that wonderful colour which, for a few brief weeks, makes them the loveliest of all London's trees, with the young foliage of the ancient, dark-trunked elms only a shade less bright; it was in the days before Sir David Eccles's axe had been laid to the great avenue in the Broad Walk and one could still march down a cathedral aisle of green in the heart of Western London. It is strange, incidentally, to reflect how much less damage to the beauty of London Hitler's bombers succeeded in doing in five years of war than we ourselves have done, out of the best intentions, in the past five years of peace and look like surpassing, by all accounts, in the next five. Certainly when one sees what is befalling London's trees, one begins to feel that one belongs to a generation that was born blind, blind, at least, to all natural living beauty. Perhaps it is our constant addiction to gazing at flickering photographic reflections on screens that has had this curious and distressing effect on us! If we were all struck blind by some great flash, we could scarcely be more blind than we now are to what God creates so lovely.

Yet of one thing I feel sure. That the beauty of the earth and man's perception of it is something perennial and indestructible, like love and courage, with a mysterious recurrent quality of its own. It is most moving when most unexpected, when, instead of living surrounded by it, a man or woman stumbles on it unawares. "I have loved," wrote a great English poet, "the principle of beauty in all things," and it is surprising in how many things it exists and how unexpectedly and with what majesty, like Milton's "unsearchable dispose of Highest Wisdom," it suddenly returns. Even in the horror and destruction of war, as so many of us now in middle or old age recall; perhaps, indeed, most of all amid the horror and destruction

of war! I was reminded of this the other evening when, through the generosity of the film company that made it and of the man round whose story of inventive struggle and achievement it was built, I was privileged to see that magnificent film, "The Dam Busters." I can only recall one theatrical performance, if that is the right word for it, which moved me so much—a performance many years ago at the Festival Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, when that great and now forgotten actor, Randle Ayrton, played King Lear. For two hours one watched a representation, without the slightest trace of exaggeration or of overplaying—so unusual in the production of any film—of that ugly creation of angry man, war: its frustrations, its grimly narrow and destructive ends, its tyrannical imprisonment of human lives and hearts, its tragic sacrifice of the noblest and of a nobility sharpened and made finer by its own harsh compulsion. And just because it was a true reflection of war and, in the last resort, tragic as no other film I have ever seen, the quality of beauty was also present in it as I have seen it in no other film. It was a beauty that was neither sought nor emphasised, but that arose, as the perception and recognition of beauty always

arises in life, out of the natural course of life itself. One saw it in the lakes and skies and moonlit waters above and among which the aircraft flew, in the aircraft themselves and the gleaming weapons of horror and destruction they carried with them—the finished products of prodigies of mental and physical effort and co-operation—in the waving grasses of the Lincolnshire uplands and the dark hills of the Ruhr; in the three glorious towers of Lincoln Cathedral suddenly and unexpectedly seen at a moment of great suspense and intensity as the nineteen trained and dedicated crews left England on their momentous mission; in a dog's graceful movements—so expressive of love and devotion—as he found and sought his master; above all, in the faces of men and women—for everyone on the airfield and in the squadron was knit by an indefinable bond of comradeship never expressed vocally but showing itself in mutual service, consideration and performance of duty—bound together in love, understanding and readiness for sacrifice. For

that was the real significance of the film and its fidelity to life: not that it depicted war and its horrors or glorified patriotism, but that it portrayed, faithfully and without self-consciousness or exaggeration, what actually happens when men forget themselves and devote themselves whole-heartedly, without stint or reservation, to the pursuit, exact and arduous, of a common cause. What happens on such occasions is that beauty, which is the corporeal expression of God, is reborn; is seen in men's faces and in their deeds; and is glorified by their love and fidelity to one another and their fortitude and sacrifice. "I have seen at close quarters in my lifetime," Sir John Slessor has written in his fine autobiography, "The Central Blue," "two of the most unbelievable manifestations of human courage and endurance in the history of war—the infantry of 1914-1918 and the bomber crews of 1939-1945."† That is true, and what those who encountered these men at the time will always feel is that they were witnessing in common men, made of the same clay and compacted of the same weaknesses, imperfections and follies as themselves, a quality that is not of this world at all, but which sometimes manifests itself in it, and which the watchers in the field of Golgotha, as they looked up, must have seen in the face on the Cross.

* "The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon." (Heinemann (1919), page 95.)

† Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor, "The Central Blue." (Cassell, page 366.)



THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE "PORTSMOUTH FROGMAN MYSTERY": THE LATE COMMANDER L. CRABB, G.M., IN FROGMAN'S KIT—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT TOBERMORY, DURING DIVING OPERATIONS THERE A FEW YEARS AGO.

As stated in our last issue, the Admiralty reported that Commander Crabb was missing and presumed dead, after being specially employed as a civilian in tests of new frogman equipment on April 19. On May 4 a Russian Assistant Naval Attaché in London said that a frogman had been seen to surface near the Russian cruiser *Ordzhonikidze* during its presence at Portsmouth. On May 9, in the Commons, Sir Anthony Eden stated that it would not be in the public interest to disclose the circumstances of Commander Crabb's presumed death; and made it clear that what had been done had been done without the authority and knowledge of H.M. Ministers; and that appropriate disciplinary steps were being taken. On May 11 Moscow Radio gave the text of two Notes, the Russian one asking for an explanation of the appearance of a frogman in the neighbourhood of the Russian cruiser, the other the Foreign Office reply stating that the presence of a frogman was unauthorised and expressing regret for the incident. At the time of writing, the Opposition had successfully pressed for a debate on May 14 on the question and the need for further information on the subject.

REBEL ACTIVITY IN ALGERIA.



WHERE A REBEL ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE OF RIVET MISFIRE: FRENCH TROOPS ATTACKING A POSITION GIVEN AWAY BY CARELESS REBEL SNIPING.



NEAR AIN-TEMOUCHENT—WHERE SOME TWENTY EUROPEAN SETTLERS WERE MURDERED: FRENCH TROOPS WITH A GROUP OF CAPTURED TERRORISTS.



AN ACT OF TERRORIST SABOTAGE IN ALGERIA: PART OF A TRAIN DERAILED ON THE LINE BETWEEN ALGIERS AND BENI MANSOUR.

THE French decision to deal more sternly with Algerian dissidents has given satisfaction to European residents in the country, but has perhaps stepped up terrorist activity. On May 6, in a series of large-scale raids on some forty farms in the Ain-Temouchent area, south-west of Oran, over twenty Europeans were killed by terrorist bands. Vigorous counter-measures were taken and French troops claimed to have killed 100 of the rebels responsible. On May 10 a strong band of rebels attacked the village of Rivet, but gave away their position by incautious sniping, with the result that they were beaten off, leaving six dead. As a result of threats of massacre, the town of Tlemchen was strongly reinforced for the end of Ramadan. On May 12 and 13, rebels, who are said to have worn uniforms, attacked the Jewish quarter in Constantine and in street fighting at least twenty-five Muslims were killed.

MOUNTING TENSION IN CYPRUS.

ON May 8, the Executive Council of Cyprus (four Britons and one Turk) decided that the death sentence must be carried out on two men condemned to death, Michael Karaolis and Andreas Demetriou; and the sentence of hanging was duly carried out in the Central Prison, Nicosia, in the early hours of May 10. After the announcement of the hanging, Nicosia was like a town of the dead. On May 11, EOKA, the terrorist organisation, claimed that two British soldiers, who had been missing for some months, had been hanged in retaliation, but no evidence to support this claim was forthcoming. On May 13 a terrorist bomb was thrown at an Army billet, injuring two British soldiers, one seriously, and a Greek Cypriot passer-by; and the same day a fine of £5500 was inflicted on the town of Paphos for persistent incidents there, including the murder of a Royal Marine officer.



IN DESERTED NICOSIA AFTER THE EXECUTION OF KARAOILIS AND DEMETRIOU: A SOLDIER THROWS BACK A STONE WHICH A SCHOOLBOY HAD FLUNG.



WEARING ARMY ISSUE BREAD-COVERS TO PROTECT THEIR FACES, TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS SEARCH DRAIN-PIPE BEEHIVES, FOR HIDDEN ARMS.



AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT KARAOILIS AND DEMETRIOU MUST HANG: BRITISH AND CYPRIOT SECURITY FORCES ON GUARD OUTSIDE THE CENTRAL PRISON, NICOSIA.

HER MAJESTY IN DEVON AND CORNWALL: A TWO-DAY ROYAL TOUR.



(LEFT.)
IN TRURO: THE QUEEN, SHELTERING
BENEATH AN UMBRELLA, INSPECTING
A GUARD OF HONOUR OF ARMY CADETS IN
THE CITY SQUARE. DESPITE THE RAIN A
LARGE CROWD GATHERED TO WELCOME HER MAJESTY.



(RIGHT.)
WAIVING UNION
FLAGS AND CHEER-
ING: CHILDREN AT
TRURO WHO WAITED
IN THE RAIN TO GREET
THE QUEEN DURING
HER BRIEF VISIT.
WITH HER MAJESTY
IS THE MAYOR OF
TRURO, COUNCILLOR
H. J. TEAGUE.



A MODEL OF THE NEW ARTS BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EXETER.
THE QUEEN UNVEILED THE FOUNDATION-STONE ON MAY 8.



AFTER PRESENTING THE CHARTER OF FOUNDATION TO MARY, DUCHESS
OF DEVONSHIRE (LEFT): THE QUEEN AT EXETER UNIVERSITY.



AT BARNSTAPLE: THE QUEEN LEAVING THE QUEEN'S
HALL, ACCOMPANIED BY THE MAYOR.



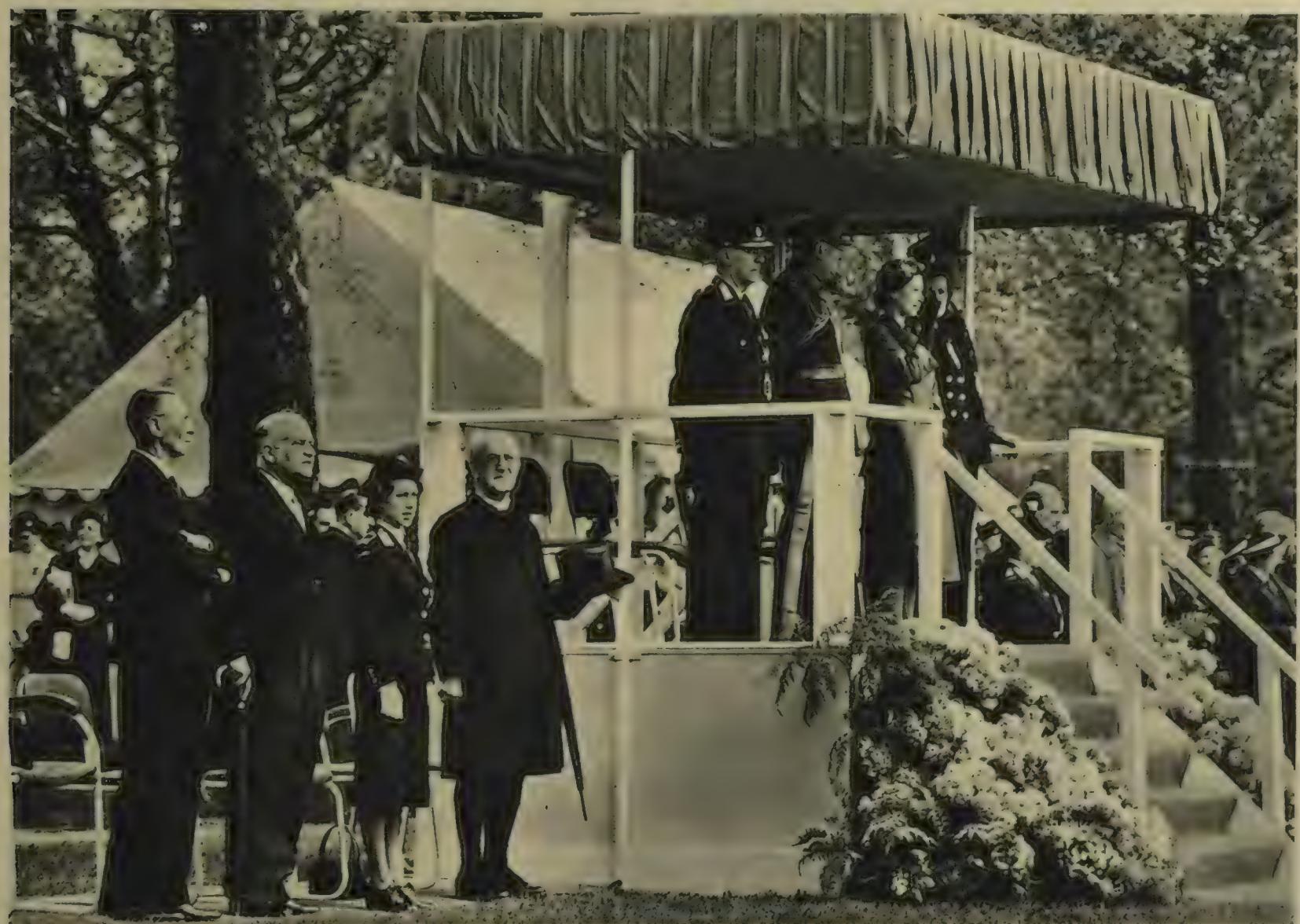
AT THE EXETER BOUNDARY: THE MAYOR SURRENDERING THE CITY'S ROYAL SWORD TO THE
QUEEN WHEN SHE ARRIVED THERE WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On May 8 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh began their two-day visit to the West Country. Their first stop was at Barnstaple, in Devon, after which the Royal visitors went to the Forestry Commission's estate at Eggesford on their way to Exeter. At Exeter University the Queen presented the charter of foundation to the Chancellor, Mary, Duchess of Devonshire, the Queen's Mistress of the Robes. The Queen also unveiled the foundation-stone of a new building for the Faculty of Arts which is expected to cost about £300,000.

In the afternoon the Queen and the Duke visited the King George V playing-field at Countess Wear, and then drove to Torquay, where they were received at Torre Abbey by the Mayor, Councillor K. R. Bryant. On the second day of their tour the Queen and the Duke visited Cornwall, where they inspected Duchy of Cornwall estates and visited Truro, Liskeard and Launceston. It rained most of the day but was fine at Launceston, where the Queen inspected a guard of honour of the Cornwall unit of the Air Training Corps.



DRIVING ALONG THE RANKS IN A LAND-ROVER: THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE IN HYDE PARK.



DURING THE MARCH-PAST: THE QUEEN TAKING THE SALUTE. STANDING NEXT TO THE DAIS ARE PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

IN LONDON'S HYDE PARK: THE QUEEN'S REVIEW OF MEMBERS OF THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE.

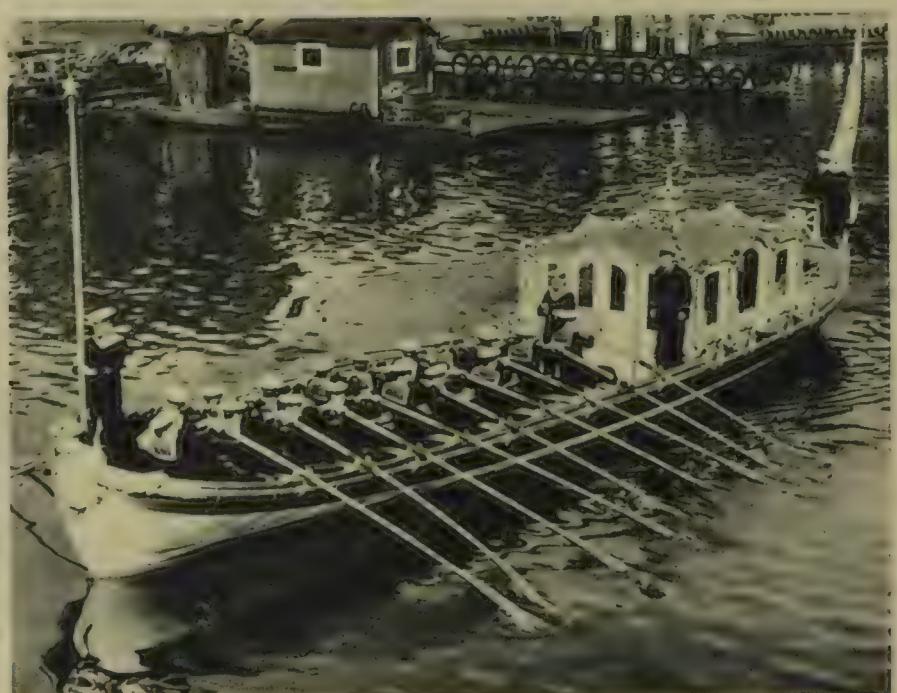
On May 12 the Queen, who was accompanied by Princess Margaret, reviewed some 21,000 members and cadets of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Hyde Park. Her Majesty drove for more than two miles along the ranks of the parade before taking the salute at the march-past, which took three-quarters of an hour. Taking part were representatives

from Australia, Malta, Hong Kong, Africa, Singapore and the Fiji Islands. The Queen, who is sovereign head of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, had earlier invested Princess Margaret, who is Commandant-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade Cadets, with the insignia of a Dame Grand Cross of the Order.

ROYAL OCCASIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD; AND AN "UNSINKABLE" BOAT.

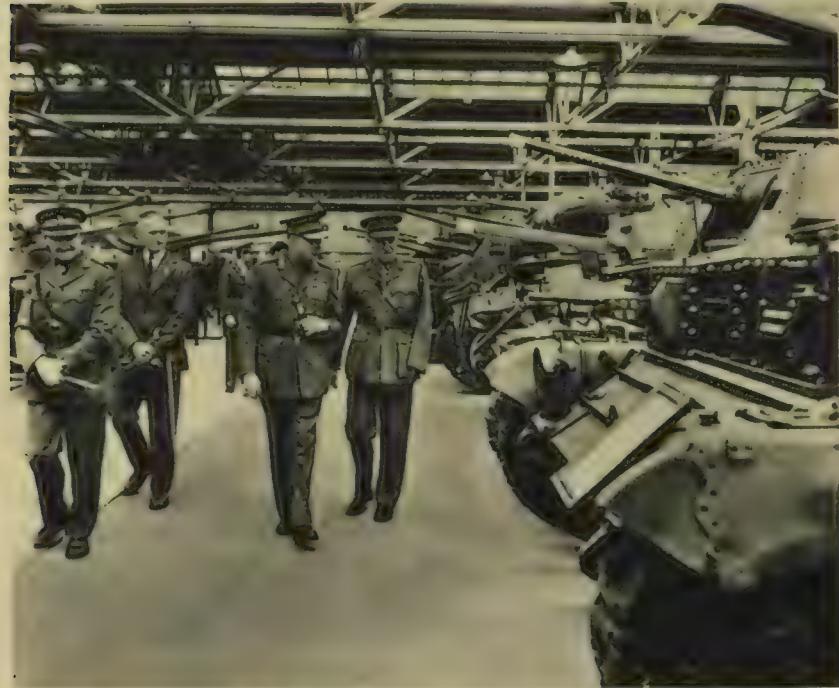


FAST BUT SAFE: THE NEW ARROW OF THE SOUTH FERRY-BOAT, WHICH IS SAID TO BE UNSINKABLE, UNDERGOING TRIALS IN THE STRAITS OF MESSINA. It is claimed that the *Arrow of the South* will be able to carry twelve passengers from Sicily to the Italian mainland, a trip which now takes nearly an hour by normal ferry, in five minutes. The keel of this 12-ton boat rests on two pontoon-like structures.



TO BE USED BY THE QUEEN DURING HER VISIT TO STOCKHOLM: THE SWEDISH ROYAL BARGE VASAORDEN BEING GIVEN A TRIAL RUN.

When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh disembark from the Royal yacht *Britannia* in Stockholm Harbour on June 8, they will be rowed to the Royal Palace in the Swedish Royal barge, *Vasaorden*. Her Majesty's State Visit to Sweden lasts from June 8 to 10.



DURING A VISIT TO THE ROYAL ARMOURED CORPS CENTRE AT BOVINGTON CAMP: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER LOOKING ROUND THE TANK MUSEUM. On May 11, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester visited the Royal Armoured Corps Centre at Bovington Camp and the gunnery school at Lulworth. The Duke, himself a former serving officer in the 10th Royal Hussars, took an active interest in all he saw.



TO BE DEDICATED ON MAY 28: THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE WAR MEMORIAL CLOISTER WHICH LEADS FROM BIRDCAGE WALK TO THE GUARDS CHAPEL. The Queen has arranged to attend the service of dedication of the Household Brigade War Memorial Cloister on May 28. The cloister, which has been designed by Captain Goodhart-Rendel, will house the Regimental Books of Remembrance.



AT SMITH'S LAWN, WINDSOR GREAT PARK: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ANNE WITH THE POLO PONIES. On May 13 the Queen, with the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, watched the Duke of Edinburgh play polo for the Household Brigade at Windsor. The Queen and her children visited the pony paddock.



AT ENNISKILLEN, IN NORTHERN IRELAND: EX-KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS BEING WELCOMED BY THE MAYOR, ALDERMAN T. H. ALGEO. ON THE RIGHT IS THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN. On May 12 ex-King Leopold of the Belgians, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, received the freedom of Enniskillen on behalf of the regiment. Ex-King Leopold was accompanied by Lord Enniskillen, Lord Lieutenant for Co. Fermanagh, and the Belgian Ambassador.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: THE ROVING
CAMERA RECORDS CURRENT EVENTS.



AT AACHEN: A VIEW OF PART OF THE CROWD WAITING OUTSIDE THE ANCIENT RATHAUS TO SEE SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.

A crowd of about 3000 people filled the square outside the ancient Rathaus in Aachen on May 10, when Sir Winston Churchill was presented with the Charlemagne prize for his services to Europe. Sir Winston's speech was relayed to the people in the square.



DELIVERING THE CHARGE TO THE GRADUATES: THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESENTATION CEREMONY AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL. On May 9 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Chancellor of the University of London, presided at the presentation ceremony of graduates for first degrees at the Royal Albert Hall. More than 2000 graduates were presented to her Majesty, who was wearing her black and gold Chancellor's gown.



AFTER A VALIANT BOMBER CRASHED AND EXPLODED AT SOUTHWICK, NEAR BRIGHTON: THE WRECKAGE OF THE JET AIRCRAFT STREWN OVER A WIDE AREA.



AT SOUTHWICK: A SCENE AFTER THE VALIANT JET BOMBER EXPLODED AND DAMAGED HOUSES.

On May 11 a Vickers Valiant jet bomber, the R.A.F.'s secret nuclear weapon aircraft, crashed and exploded at Southwick on the embankment of the Brighton to Portsmouth railway line. Three of the aircrrew were killed and the co-pilot, who escaped by means of an ejector seat, was injured. A number of houses were damaged and two had to be evacuated. A stretch of over 150 yards of the railway line was torn up.



MARKED OUT ON THE SMALL PACIFIC ISLAND OF NAMU: THE CIRCULAR TARGET FOR THE AMERICAN HYDROGEN BOMB.

A circular target for the American hydrogen bomb was marked out on the small island of Namu, on the northern edge of Bikini Atoll. The target, which was 100 yards in diameter, would appear very small from the height of 50,000 ft. when the bomb was released.



AN OFFICER WEARING THE CLOTHING ISSUED TO JAPANESE SEAMEN AS A PROTECTION AGAINST RADIOACTIVITY. THE CLOTHING HAS BEEN ISSUED FOLLOWING A PROTEST MADE BY THEIR UNION. A JAPANESE VESSEL WAS CAUGHT IN RADIOACTIVE ASH IN 1954.



AN EPIC OF COURAGE AND ENDURANCE.

"THE LONG WALK." By SLAVOMIR RAWICZ.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THERE are times when one (by which I mean I, but the equivalent is not always easy to dodge) stands completely abashed before a book. A man or a woman records the story of arduous and endurances which one knows one could not oneself have confronted and survived. "How on earth could they have had the courage?" one thinks, and "How on earth the guts?" Fight one's own cowardice as one may, one knows that there would come a breaking-point: that one would never have the ultimate heroism of Sir Francis Doyle's "Drunken Private of the Buffs," or Odette Churchill, or Oloff de Wet, or the thousands of other men and women who, year after year, have sustained torture rather than speak, often having nothing to tell their torturers. The torturers in our time have usually been Prussians or Russians, or (as the phraseology goes) Nazis or Bolsheviks. And the chief victims of both tyrannies, for centuries, have been the Poles, a resolute people sandwiched between the two greedy expansionist Empires which originated in the Grand Duchy of Moscow and the Mark of Brandenburg, each of which has eaten up surrounding countries as a maggot eats up a nut.

The Poles were not the only victims of this voracity. When, the other day, there was a great march of exiles in England to the Cenotaph, in silent and most orderly protest against the visit of those two doves of peace, Bulganin and Khrushchev, there were strong posses of Ukrainians and Latvians, and, I dare say, small contingents of Lithuanians, Estonians, Hungarians, Rumanians, and even Georgians, Circassians and Armenians, trying to convey the truth, by their mere presence, as to what has been happening in Eastern Europe and Western Asia. But the Poles are the most numerous of the oppressed peoples, and the most determined. I remember, during the last war, seeing the then Foreign Minister of the Polish Government in Exile, and getting him to write out for me the Polish National Anthem. It was written, to the best of my recollection, during the later Partition of Poland in the eighteenth century, when the Eagles of Russia, Prussia and Austria (the last, only, being reluctant) swooped upon the White Eagle of Poland. It said, or sang, that as long as one Pole was alive there would always be a Poland. A reader of this tremendous book must surely believe that that is true. Anybody may break their bodies, but none can break their spirit. Their terrific inclination towards individuality and independence has had, undoubtedly, its drawbacks. In their prime their Parliament was crippled by the rule of "Liberum veto": if anyone rose and said, "I object," no proposed law could be passed. And they simply could not settle down to a hereditary kingship. There were plenty of old, landed and intelligent Polish families who could have produced dynasties at least as satisfactory as ours, which, with whatever interruptions by usurpation, disputed descent and female descent has persisted, and worked, and survived in a flourishing condition, for more than a thousand years, with all the world swirling around us. Some of them had achieved great things: most notable of all being John Sobieski, who, outside the gates of Vienna, saved Europe from being overrun by the Turks. But no; no Polish family must become dominant. Before that event a King of France had been elected King of Poland, and, after it, that Oriental Sultan, Augustus the Strong of Saxony, was King. Years ago I was talking to a Spanish diplomat about every Spaniard having an opinion of his own and being willing to die for it: he replied dispassionately, "We have an old Spanish saying: 'Twenty-five million Spaniards, and all Kings.'" The same applies to the Poles. I must say (subject

to correction, for my opinion is merely second-hand) that I was told, during the Battle of Britain, that the Polish flyers had to be given squadrons of their own, because, if they were put into mixed squadrons, they would break formation and go after the nearest Hun they saw. Such are the Poles: one of the bravest and most loyal peoples on earth.

The incredible "walk" in this book was led by a Pole. "Slavomir Rawicz was a young Polish cavalry officer. On 19th November, 1939, he was arrested by the Russians, and after considerable brutality and a farce of a trial he was sentenced to twenty-five years' forced labour." He was a Polish officer, whose home was near the Russian frontier, ran the argument, so therefore he *must* be a spy. Thereafter followed a three-month winter journey to a Siberian prison-camp, first by rail in indescribable conditions, then chained to the backs of lorries, with frequent pauses for the removal of corpses from the chains. The camp, of which a vivid picture is given, was (and may still be!) near Yakutsk, and was quite definitely a labour camp. But put a Pole in a cage and his first thought is to get out of it. Rawicz gradually and stealthily organised an escapers' club, and gradually wangled all the members into one hut. There were two other Poles, a Lithuanian, a

from their meagerations, supplemented by occasional fish, and once by a pig which they stole at night, and roasted—for they had provided themselves with a flint and tinder-moss. Water, at least, wasn't short at that time; there were altogether too many rivers to cross. Near Lake Baikal they found a Polish girl of seventeen who was at first frightened of them: she had run away



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK
REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE:
MR. SLAVOMIR RAWICZ.

Mr. Slavomir Rawicz, the Polish cavalry officer who was the brave leader of the expedition which he describes in this book, is, happily, very much alive. In his review on this page Sir John Squire asks: "What happened to him afterwards?" After Mr. Rawicz left India he joined the Allied Forces in the Middle East, and in 1944 landed at Liverpool to join the R.A.F. After the war he found work in this country and is now married to an English girl. They have four children and have settled in a small town in the Midlands.

from a labour-farm and the brutal attentions of a foreman. Thence the seven tough men and the brave, fragile, but increasingly exhausted girl went across Mongolia: and then the Gobi Desert (which, surely, might have been avoided to the westward by a more geographically-minded group) was entered. On the whole a waterless waste, it provided here and there a trickle of water and once a small oasis, with a pool in which the shaggy-bearded fugitives almost drowned themselves in their resolve to drink their fill. There came a day when the young girl (who deserves to be canonised like Saint Joan), after falling and rising, falling and rising again, fell to rise no more. They dug her a grave and made her a little cross out of their sticks. Then one of the Poles died (and these subordinate characters are graphically portrayed) and was similarly interred. Starving, the survivors lived on snakes: rather tasteless, says the author, but, I believe, full of protein; what the snakes live on there I cannot conjecture, or how the six survivors, not being camels, lived so long without water. However, they got through. They crossed Kansu, and then Tibet, where the inhabitants were kindness itself and, after traversing the Brahmaputra, found their way across the Himalayas between Nepal and Bhutan and arrived, having walked 4000 miles in eight months, in (the then) British India, to be welcomed by a fresh-faced English subaltern, taken to hospital, and given cigarettes, chocolates, and other comforts by English Tommies.

The American, Smith, called on Rawicz in hospital and said: "What are you intending to do when you are better, Slav?" "I told him there was only one course open to me. As a Polish officer I must rejoin the Polish Army." That was all in 1941.

What the publishers really ought to have told us is whether Slavomir did succeed in joining the Polish Army (at that time fighting in strength in North Africa), what happened to him afterwards, what happened to his surviving, snake-eating comrades, and what happened to Mr. (if that really was his name) Smith, the American. We are not even told whether this brave leader of an expedition—as plucky as was Captain Scott on his return from the South Pole—is alive or dead.

The book remains: one of the most inspiring that I have ever read.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 572 of this issue.



FROM SIBERIA ACROSS THE GOBI DESERT, CHINA AND TIBET TO INDIA:
"THE LONG WALK"—FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN ROSE WHICH APPEARS ON
THE BACK OF THE DUST JACKET OF THE BOOK.

Illustration reproduced from the book "The Long Walk," by courtesy of the Publisher, Constable and Co. Ltd.

Latvian, a Yugoslav and, improbable in those surroundings, an American, with the not-so-improbable name of Smith. The seven of them fixed on a suitable moment for a break, with an eye on the times and positions of pacing sentries, overcame the obstacles of wire and ditch, and headed straight south. The nearest point of exit from the Soviet Empire was the Pacific coast, a few hundred miles away. But that was deemed too heavily guarded and too unprovided with accessible transport: so India, roughly due south, was made the aim.

During the first few days they hurried day and night, living scantily on the bread they had saved

FROM AN EXHIBITION IN LIVERPOOL TO A "MAY FAIR" IN LONDON.



AN EXHIBITION IN PROTEST AGAINST THE LOW STANDARDS OF POST-WAR BUILDING: THE "OUTRAGE" EXHIBITION IN THE RUINED CHURCH OF ST. LUKE AT LIVERPOOL.

An exhibition designed by architectural students in Liverpool is being staged among the ruins of the war-damaged church of St. Luke, Liverpool. It is a protest against the low standards of post-war building in Liverpool. It was opened on May 8 by Mr. Ian Nairns, the author of the 1955 Special Number of the *Architectural Review* entitled "Outrage."



STRUCK BY AN UNKNOWN SHIP OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT ON MAY 8: THE SUBMARINE TALENT, WHOSE SUPERSTRUCTURE WAS DAMAGED. On May 8, while cruising at periscope depth off St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight, the submarine *Talent* was struck by an unknown merchant ship. She was able to return to Gosport under her own power, and there were no casualties.



LAUNCHED BY LADY EDEN ON MAY 9: THE EMPRESS OF ENGLAND, THE LARGEST PASSENGER SHIP BUILT ON THE TYNE SINCE THE WAR. The 26,000-ton Canadian Pacific Railways liner, *Empress of England* (a sectional drawing of which appears on pages 556-557), was launched on May 9 by Lady Eden, wife of the Prime Minister, at the Vickers-Armstrong naval yard at Newcastle upon Tyne.



A NEGLECTED CUSTOM REVIVED: THE OPENING BY THE MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER OF THE "MAY FAIR" IN SHEPHERD MARKET, ON MAY 7. For nearly two centuries there has been no "May Fair" in Shepherd Market. On May 7 the custom, from which Mayfair took its name, was revived with the opening of the Fair which was held in aid of the Westminster Old People's Welfare Association.

THE N.A.T.O. Council met in Paris during the first week of the month. The occasion had been looked forward to with more than ordinary interest because it had been expected to prove of more than ordinary importance. The treaty and the organisation provided for political and economic activities, in addition to defence pure and simple, but nothing had so far been done in these fields. This time there had been talk of "a new N.A.T.O." The theme had been over-played, too lengthily and too loud. The result was something of an anti-climax. A ministerial committee of three is to study the question and to have ample time to draw up a report. At the same time the suggestion that N.A.T.O. should become an instrument for the distribution of non-military aid was quietly strangled, if, indeed, it needed the noose to extinguish it after the remarks of President Eisenhower a little earlier.

France would have been glad to see N.A.T.O. take on this new function. Nor was it only on this point that M. Pineau appears to have been at variance with the majority of his colleagues. As could be gathered from his utterances on several occasions, his ideas on propaganda also differed from theirs. His first precept seems to be that, in view of the change in Soviet Russian policy, or, at all events, political tactics, it would be a mistake to address propaganda to countries hitherto uncommitted to either camp. Sometimes he has fallen not far short of condemning propaganda altogether. If Russia is prepared to experiment with co-existence it would be wise, he appears to think, to let all that sort of thing lapse and try to re-establish what used to be the normal relations between States.

What is called the cold war assuredly did not begin on the initiative of the West. It began immediately after the Second World War, if not during the war itself, by Russian attacks on the minds of people, especially those of the Left Wing in countries of the West and their junior allies, protectorates or colonies. These attacks provoked counter-attacks, though not always very effective ones. There had, of course, been many

wars and rivalries in the past in which the conflict of ideas played a big part, but neither side was able to get at the people of the other whose minds it desired to mould, as quickly, as directly, or on as vast a scale as has now become the case. The old cold wars were fought on limited battlefields; those of to-day have the world for their operations.

We have for some time been witnessing one such phase of the cold war which still remains at its height. It has been and is being waged in part by Russia directly, but to a greater extent by Egypt as an intermediary, against the British in the Middle East and the French in North Africa. Its main feature has been a strident, continuous appeal to the masses of the Arab world, and in

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

WHAT IS THE COLD WAR?

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

particular to the poorest, least educated, and most ignorant among them. Various instruments have been used: agents, leaflets, films, indoctrination of potential leaders in congresses, and so on; but by far the most powerful and effective has been the radio. No one is out of its reach now. The number of sets in primitive countries has multiplied many times lately. All without one can listen in the cook-shop or the bazaar.

Whereas the old propaganda—that directed, for instance, by revolutionary France against Britain, in the past—had at least a substratum

THE WALPOLE SALVER.



AN IMPORTANT NEW ACQUISITION BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE WALPOLE SALVER, WHICH WAS MADE FOR SIR ROBERT WALPOLE BY PAUL DE LAMERIE OUT OF THE EXCHEQUER SEAL OF GEORGE I.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has put on view in the Recent Acquisitions Court the important silver-gilt salver made for Sir Robert Walpole by Paul de Lamerie in 1728 out of the Exchequer Seal of George I. It was customary on the death of the Sovereign for the holders of the various official seals to get the silver made up into pieces of plate for their personal use. It was considered legitimate to add extra silver to give the goldsmith the opportunity to make a really fine piece. The Walpole Salver has been in the possession of the Walpole family until it was sold for £7800 at Christie's last December. In order to prevent this important piece from crossing the Atlantic, it was bought at that price by the Victoria and Albert Museum, with the aid of generous contributions from the National Art-Collections Fund, from the Pilgrim Trust and from the Goldsmiths' Company. The salver is 19½ ins. square. The engraved design in the centre includes a view of the City of London and representations of both sides of the Seal, which are borne on the shoulders of Hercules.

of truth; the new has, and needs, none, unless it is promptly and effectively contradicted. So long as the case is allowed to go by default, the opposition is allowed to get away with continual blatant lying, and the lies are so deeply graven upon the minds of the countless listeners that they become universal truth. The old proverb that truth will out ceases to apply. It will out some day, but so late, and probably in so narrow a field, that it will be without relevance to the cold-war campaign in which the lies have been employed.

Now, I am not one of those who have got propaganda on the brain. It does not appear to me politic to attack Communism *qua* Communism in the countries where it is established. If, however, it is suggested that attacks of the nature

described are to be left unanswered, I can only reply that in such a case they may be developed until they end in our ruin. We do make some kind of answer, but hitherto it has been belated, and no serious attempt has been made to co-ordinate the various instruments, as is done on the other side. The Press attaché, the B.B.C.,

the British Council are, to put it mildly, too loosely allied. It is as though in a hot war the staffs of armour, infantry, gunners, sappers and covering air forces held it to be sufficient to meet occasionally for a chat about the battle.

So long as we are subjected to an assault of this kind, I feel that it would be folly to abstain from counter-strokes or from mounting them effectively. Are we then to establish the ugly machinery of a Minister and Ministry of Propaganda? Heaven forbid! I do not condemn it because it is unbecoming, caddish, non-U, or anything of that sort, but because I believe it would be suspect—in us. Surely we can achieve the necessary co-ordination without more bureaucracy. We laugh sometimes at our committee system, but at its best it is the most effective instrument of its kind yet discovered. And I am sure we should speak the truth, which occasionally handicapped the B.B.C. in wartime, but brought it triumphant success in the end. In all statements of a case more attention may legitimately be given to some facets of truth than to others.

Another of our weaknesses when we have toyed with such activities—we have rarely done more—has been failure in the art of simplification. It is an art, one which I know I do not practise myself, so that I cannot appeal to anyone lower than a middle-brow. I do not say that we should not appeal to intellectuals also, but this has never represented a great difficulty. It was not for want of appeal to them that we suffered a rebuff in Jordan. It was, as I pointed out recently, the mass, especially the refugees, whose minds were captured by Egyptian propaganda, and, in the main, by means of the radio. There, and in other ways, we should be able not only to reply, but when occasion demands, to take the initiative.

It looks as though attack on bodies and

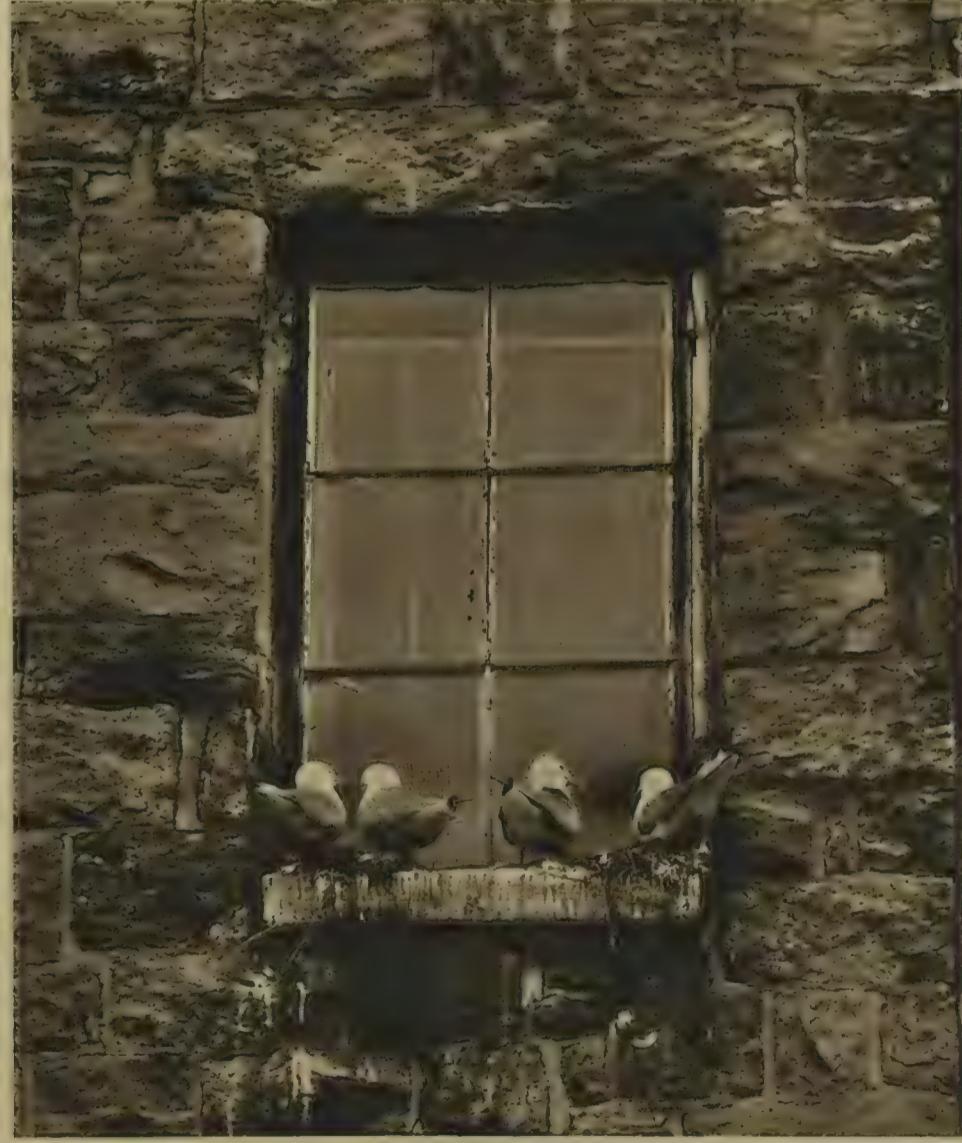
the work of men's hands is to be replaced, at all events for the time being, by attack on minds and their influence. Fighting in this latter cause does not produce the same sense of urgency. Nor does it demand a national effort in the same sense. It can be conducted at an infinitely small fraction of the financial cost. There is no reason why we should not do it as well as anyone else. In the long run, defeat in this cold war might be equally disastrous. It is not a substitute for military effort in general, though it may be in some instances, but a complement. This is my answer to my own question: What is the Cold War? It is also my comment on the view that to abstain from stating our opinions and making known the truth would improve the chances of peace.



THE KITTIWAKES TAKE OVER : A COLONY OF THESE GULLS NESTING ON THE "OCEANIC CLIFFS" OF A WAREHOUSE AT AALESUND, ON THE NORWEGIAN COAST.



WHERE MAN-MADE CLIFFS SUPPLY CONVENIENT SITES : WINDOW-LEDGES, GUTTERING, AND A GARRET PORT-HOLE, TAKEN OVER BY THE KITTIWAKES.



SEMI-DETACHED HOMES ON A WINDOW-LEDGE : A PAIR OF KITTIWAKE NESTS, WITH THE TWO BREEDING PAIRS IN RESIDENCE—AT AALESUND, NORWAY.

In London sometimes, in that apprehensive mood aroused by reading science fiction, one may think that the time is near when the pigeons and the starlings will take over. The photographs reproduced on this page hint at other candidates for the overlordship. They were taken at the fishing port of Aalesund, on the Norwegian coast about 150 miles north of Bergen. Kittiwakes are very widely distributed in the northern parts of the Northern Hemisphere and are the most oceanic of gulls, and are reputed to follow ships



KITTIWAKES AT HOME ON THE WAREHOUSE. THOUGH THE MOST OCEANIC OF GULLS, KITTIWAKES ARE OFTEN FEARLESS OF MAN.

across the Atlantic. Their normal breeding-places are the ledges of the great oceanic cliffs, which rise from thundering northern seas; and there they form great sociable colonies. Such cliffs form their nesting-place on the island of Rundøy, not far from Aalesund, and it is presumed that the birds here nesting on the window-ledges of a warehouse in Aalesund port have moved in thither from Rundøy. Kittiwakes are social birds and are often described as the tamest of gulls and the most fearless of man.

THE JERICHO OF ABRAHAM'S TIME; AND THE CITY WHICH JOSHUA DESTROYED: BRONZE AGE LEVELS OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST EXCAVATED CITY.

By KATHLEEN M. KENYON, Director, British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem.

(This is the second of two articles, the first having appeared in "The Illustrated London News" of May 12, 1956).

AS described in my previous article, the joint expedition of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, the Palestine Exploration Fund, the British Academy and the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem has traced the history of ancient Jericho back to a date probably in the Sixth Millennium B.C. The ruins of the successive neolithic towns had built up a mound some 40 ft. high, before even the earliest type of pottery appears on the site, and the remains of the pre-pottery towns show that a remarkably advanced civilisation had been evolved.

The excavations have revealed the complex life and history of the site for the ensuing period of more than 2000 years, down to the Second Millennium B.C., a history which is too complex to cover in one article. We come now to Jericho of the Middle Bronze Age, for which sufficient evidence has been recovered to allow of the reconstruction shown in Alan Sorrell's drawing (pages 554-555).

About the twentieth century, newcomers again appear, this time bringing, instead of disrupting, civilisation. From the pottery and other objects used by these people, we can see that they are closely related to the inhabitants of the Phoenician towns of coastal Syria.

Much of the town of this period, the Middle Bronze Age, has been destroyed by denudation, and the examination of the rest is not complete. But we can by now form a fairly clear picture of what it must have been like. This is of particular interest, for Middle Bronze Age Palestine is the background of the wanderings of the Patriarchs. Abraham and his family were clearly nomadic in their way of life, but they moved about in a land of towns of some pretensions, though not of very great size.

Our clearest picture is of the town of the seventeenth century B.C. In the course of the present and previous excavations, streets have been uncovered on the east side of the town (Fig. 2), climbing up the appreciable hill formed by the decay of earlier towns, in a series of shallow, cobbled steps, very much like the streets in the Old City of Jerusalem to-day. Beneath the streets ran well-built drains. Off the streets open the houses, small and close-set, again like those in modern oriental towns. Some of the ground-floor rooms were clearly shops, not connecting with the rest of the house. Others were store-rooms, which, when the town was sacked and burnt by the Egyptians about 1560 B.C., were stacked with great jars full of grain. The upper storeys were, as to-day, presumably the living quarters, but they collapsed in this destruction, and we find the contents, pottery, grinding querns, kitchen utensils, all the durable items of the equipment, mixed with the collapsed brickwork.

But, as has been described in previous articles, our knowledge of the life of the period is not confined to the objects of durable materials found in the excavation of the town. The peculiar conditions prevailing in the tombs have ensured the preservation of materials such as wood, textiles, basketry and matting, and on the basis of this, Michael Ricketts was able to make the reconstruction drawing of a room of this period which was reproduced in *The Illustrated London News*

of July 24, 1954. Our more recent tomb-finds have not been quite so spectacular. The majority of them consist of family tombs in which the earlier burials were roughly pushed on one side to make room for the latest. In the process, many



FIG. 1. EVIDENCE OF A SAVAGE ATTACK ON THE EARLY BRONZE AGE CITY OF JERICHO: A GREAT DEPOSIT OF WHITE ASH (CENTRE) WHERE BRUSHWOOD HAD BEEN PILED AGAINST THE CITY WALL AND BURNED TO FORCE AN ENTRY.

This 3-ft.-thick layer of white ash represents the firing of a tremendous pile of brushwood. The wall itself, 17 ft. thick, was burnt right through, due partly to the timbers which laced it, and no doubt the houses built against its inner face were also fired, making a blaze which we can imagine spreading to the whole town.



FIG. 2. THE JERICHO WHICH THE EGYPTIANS DESTROYED ABOUT 1560 B.C.: A STEPPED STREET LINED WITH SMALL HOUSES IN THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE CITY, WHICH CAN BE DATED TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY B.C. THE JERICHO JOSHUA KNEW IS LATER THAN THIS.

This photograph gives a fair idea of Bronze Age Jericho: a city of narrow streets rising and falling over different levels, and running between closely-built small houses, shops and storehouses. Above the house-walls on the right can be seen the streaks of soil which represent the washing away of the ruins by erosion, which took place between about 1560 and 1400 B.C.

of the fragile objects were broken, but a number of attractive pieces have, nevertheless, survived (Fig. 7).

One tomb of the period was of special interest. Unlike the other contemporary ones, it contained a single burial, of a young man. Also unlike the others, it contained warlike equipment, a bronze belt, a dagger and an axe beside him (Fig. 4), and two other daggers and two other axes with the rest of the offerings, of which the pottery vessels were of especially fine quality (Fig. 6). In the shaft of the tomb were the skeletons of some equids, though whether of horse or ass we shall not know until the bones have been examined. We clearly have here the burial of a young warrior. This is of interest, for we are dealing with the period of the Hyksos. Who exactly the Hyksos were is uncertain, but the probability is that they were warrior bands who imposed themselves as a ruling aristocracy in Syria and Palestine, and in Egypt destroyed the Middle Empire about 1730 B.C. and established an alien dynasty there. It may be, therefore, that we have here the burial of a Hyksos warrior.

This brings us to the most prominent feature in Alan Sorrell's reconstruction of Middle Bronze Age Jericho, the defences. For the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries, we have evidence of three successive defences, all on the same system, a system which was new to Palestine. This consisted of a long, plaster-faced scarp at an angle of 33 degs., crowned by a wall some 55 ft. above the foot of the scarp; the foot was supported by a massive stone revetment. Very little of the upper part of these defences survives, but it seems probable that they were formed by an artificial bank on the brink of the mound, standing up perhaps 20 ft. on the interior also, very like the earth banks of a prehistoric camp in England. It seems probable that on the eastern side the bank swung down off the mound of the ancient city, and outwards to enclose the spring, but the modern road makes it impossible to establish this point definitely.

This type of fortification has been found at a number of other sites in Palestine of this period. But its particular interest is that it is not confined to Palestine. It is found, for instance, in the Egyptian Delta and inland Syria, both areas of which the culture is in other respects quite different from that of Palestine. It is therefore reasonable to see in it the introduction of the alien warrior bands, the Hyksos. The purpose was clearly to provide a long field of fire for the defenders, armed with bows and arrows, and it should be noted that bronze arrowheads are first found abundantly at this period. It is tempting also to associate it with the other warlike innovation usually

ascribed to the Hyksos, the introduction of chariotry. A mobile enemy who could mass at will at any point of the defences was obviously a much greater danger to the defenders, and the long, slippery, artificial slope which the attackers would still have to scale gave the bowmen the necessary time to concentrate and mow them down. It also rendered much more difficult the bringing to bear against the actual walls of the battering-rams which probably also came into use at this period. Alan Sorrell's reconstruction, therefore, shows the town surrounded by defences which stand up from the plain much as does a mediaeval castle, and for the same reasons. Such was the town which Abraham may have seen.

Middle Bronze Age Jericho was destroyed by the Egyptians about 1560 B.C. Thereafter it seems to have lain in ruins until about 1400 B.C., while the winds and the rains blew and washed the débris down the side of the mound (Fig. 2). The town, which was then rebuilt, was very probably the town which was attacked by the Israelites. *(Continued opposite.)*

A KITCHEN DESERTED AT THE SOUND OF JOSHUA'S TRUMPETS; AND OLDER JERICHO'S.



FIG. 3. ALL THAT REMAINS OF FOURTEENTH-CENTURY JERICHO, THE TOWN WHICH PRESUMABLY JOSHUA DESTROYED. IN THE FOREGROUND, A HOUSE-WALL, A CLAY OVEN AND A SMALL JUG BESIDE IT. PERHAPS THE CANAANITE HOUSEWIFE FLED FROM THE KITCHEN WHEN SHE HEARD JOSHUA'S TRUMPETS SOUND.

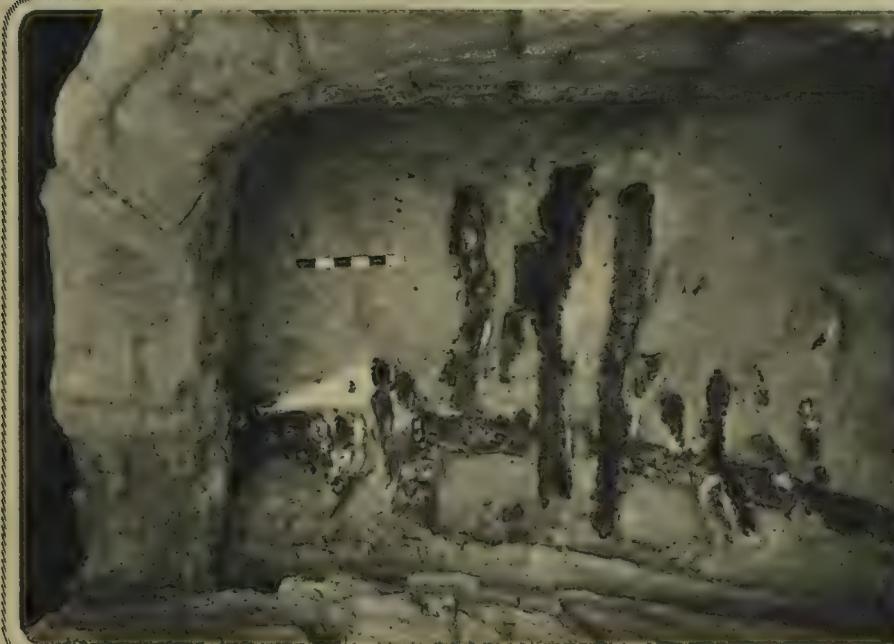


FIG. 5. CHARRED ROOF BEAMS, WHICH HAD FALLEN INTO A STRUCTURE OF THE EARLY BRONZE AGE: SUCH FINDS ARE FREQUENT AND INDICATE THAT WOOD WAS MUCH USED AT THIS PERIOD, BEFORE DEFORESTATION LED TO DESICCATION OF THE AREA.



FIG. 8. FRAGMENTS OF BURNT TEXTILES DATING FROM THE EARLY BRONZE AGE: SIMILAR FRAGMENTS, DATING FROM 3200 TO 1600 B.C., HAVE BEEN FOUND AND ILLUSTRATE THE HISTORY OF WEAVING IN JERICHO.

Continued. under Joshua. Unfortunately, very little of this town survives, for when it was in turn destroyed, the process of washing down and denudation removed almost all its remains. The walls have disappeared in all areas examined by the present expedition, and the only portion of the town we have found is one house-wall and a small piece of the adjacent floor, on which was a clay oven with beside it a juglet of fourteenth-century B.C.



FIG. 4. FROM THE TOMB OF A YOUNG WARRIOR, OF THE HYKSOS PERIOD: (ABOVE) FRAGMENTS OF A BRONZE BELT; (BELOW) PART OF A BRONZE DAGGER WHICH ORIGINALLY HAD AN ALABASTER POMMEL.



FIG. 6. A FINE POTTERY VESSEL FROM THE TOMB OF THE HYKSOS WARRIOR: IT IS MOULDED IN THE FORM OF A RAM'S HEAD; AND IS UNIQUE IN DESIGN AND UNLIKE ANYTHING KNOWN.



FIG. 7. A TINY WOODEN JUGLET FOUND IN A TOMB OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY B.C. IN WHICH ACCUMULATED GASES HAD KILLED THE ORGANISMS OF DECAY AND SO PRESERVED THE NORMALLY PERISHABLE WOOD.



FIG. 9. A CURIOUSLY ENGAGING, AND EVEN TOUCHING, FIGURINE OF A DONKEY: THIS WAS FOUND IN ONE OF THE JERICHO TOMBS OF THE EARLY BRONZE AGE AND CAN BE DATED TO ABOUT 2500 B.C.

date (Fig. 3). This may be part of the kitchen of a Canaanite woman who ran away at the sound of Joshua's trumpets. In the excavations resumed in January 1956, we hope to supplement this meagre evidence of the period of Joshua. We also hope to fill in more details of all the preceding periods, and to work back towards the beginnings of the history of the site in the dim twilight of the beginnings of human civilised life.



THE JERICHO WHICH ABRAHAM MAY HAVE SEEN—AND THE PREDECESSOR OF THAT WHICH

This reconstruction drawing of ancient Jericho is based on the recent excavations of Miss Kathleen Kenyon, and shows the city as it most probably looked at 1600 B.C. Beyond the town is the oasis, watered by the spring which emerges at the foot of the mound, stretching out towards the River Jordan in the middle distance. In the far distance are the mountains of Moab and Gilead, which form the eastern wall of the Jordan Valley. This is the Hyksos period, and troops with chariots are attacking the town and beginning to build a mound against the plastered

glacis, which stretches down from the walls. In the middle-distance standing crops have been fired and thick clouds of smoke rise from the burning fields. The houses, as can be seen, consist of great plaster-faced bank or glacis, which must have made an excellent base for the walls extremely difficult, as it cuts out the element of surprise and hinders the bringing-up of siege engines. Only a small portion of the foundations of the wall survives, but the lower part of the plastered scarp has been traced for the greater part of the circuit of the town. The superstructure

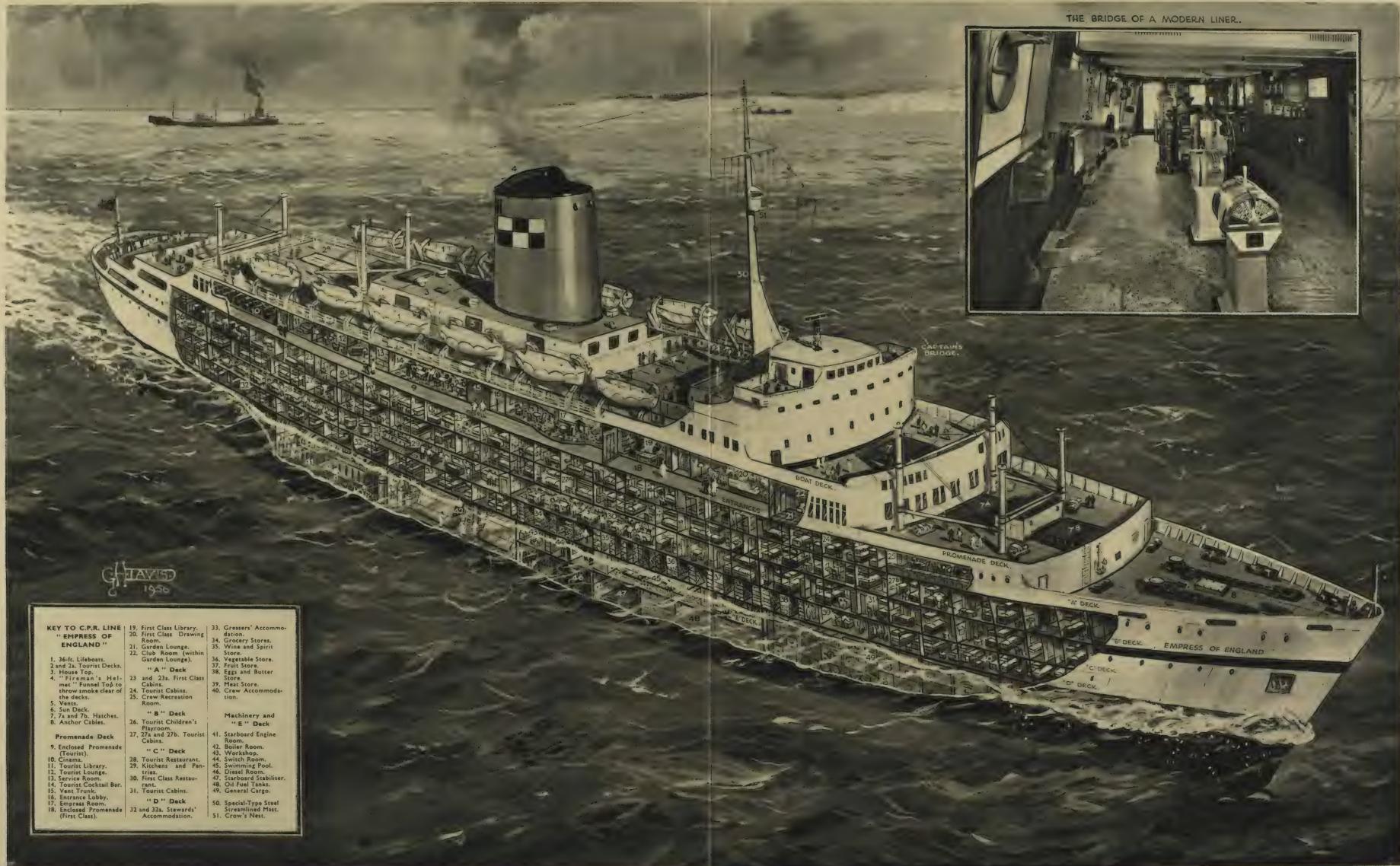
Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorrell, with the co-operation

JOSHUA DESTROYED: THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE CITY OF 1600 B.C. RECONSTRUCTED.

of the wall was probably of mud-brick, but since this has disappeared, there is no evidence for the suggested crenellations, though these are probable as the town must have been defended by regular troops. And since so little of the wall survives, there is no evidence for the towers, but such additions to such walls do exist on other sites. The evidence of the houses excavated shows that they were small and closely packed, opening on streets climbing the mound in shallow steps. The gateway probably lay on the east (or further) side, by the spring, but this area has been destroyed

by the modern road, which runs alongside the mound. This was the city as it was in the days of Abraham; and it may well be that he saw it in the course of his wanderings; this was the city which the Egyptians destroyed in 1550 B.C.; and its form and defences may well be the result of the arrival of the warlike Hyksos people in this area. It was a later city than this which Joshua destroyed; and of this later city little now remains, owing to the effects of centuries of erosion. For evidences of Joshua's campaigns, the student must turn to the site of Hazor, in northern Galilee.

of Miss Kathleen M. Kenyon, Director of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem.



THE EMPRESS OF ENGLAND: THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS FLEET: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING WITH CUT-AWAY SECTION OF THE STARBOARD SIDE.

The *Empress of England* was launched at Newcastle-upon-Tyne on May 9 and named by Lady Eden, the wife of the Prime Minister. The 26,000-ton liner, which is a sister-ship to the *Empress of Britain*, is the largest passenger ship ever built in Britain before the war, and can carry up to 1,050 passengers (900 Tourist and 150 First Class) and has six holds for cargo. The *Empress of Britain* has just completed her maiden voyage to Canada; her new sister-ship should be completed in the spring of next year. The two ships represent an expenditure by Canadian Pacific Railways of £12,000,000

in British shipyards. A third and larger ship is already being planned and will probably be put to tender within the next eighteen months. It is estimated she will be worth about £8,000,000 to the yard which secures the order. Armament includes modern fire-control equipment. *Empress* has those which first catch the eye and are useful lines, notably the raised stem and the cruiser stern, the low superstructure and the total absence of stays and guy wires. (The only lines visible are the wireless aerial and the signal halyards.) Another very obvious feature is the "fireman's helmet" smoke

eliminator on the funnel, which is considered by the owners as a "reasonable compromise between appearance and efficiency." Other refinements which have been incorporated are air-conditioning and stabilizers. The air-conditioning controls both the temperature and the humidity of the atmosphere inside the ship, and is regulated partly by thermostats and partly by individual manual controls. In rough weather the stabilizer will reduce a roll of 18 degs. to one of less than 6 degs. Each room is fitted with a panel of electric sockets which supply current with varying voltages to take

all types of electric razors, hair-driers and other toilet appliances. The engine room has a capacity of 16,000 h.p. and is designed to take steam at 600 lb. per square inch at 850 degs. Fahr., and the cruising speed is 20 knots. Equipment on the bridge includes twin steering wheels which operate the telemotors controlling the electro-hydraulic steering gear. Radar and other items of modern navigation equipment are installed. The two motor lifeboats, for 146 persons each, contain special hand-propulsion gear; there are also two motor and two emergency lifeboats.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.M.A.



BLACK lacquer, with decoration in gold, is not everyone's notion of what furniture should be, however nicely modulated the proportions, whatever pains have been taken with the design on the lacquer panels. A roomful of it, despite its quality, might well be gloomy and oppressive if unrelieved by other pieces with a less funereal basic colour and by some gayer treatment of the room as a whole. None the less, from time to time you happen upon some piece which, whatever your normal prejudices, makes them appear just nonsense, and this is what happened to me when I caught sight of Fig. 1 in Christie's last month. It is French of about 1780, and is one of those finicky bits into which good cabinet-makers of the period put all they knew in the way of *fa-lals* without losing their sense of proportion, as they sometimes did a generation earlier. Some might call it rather sombre in spite of the gold—I would rather label it sober.

Why such a thing became known as a *bonheur du jour* I don't know; I suppose the phrase is untranslatable, for "happiness of the day" sounds uncommonly silly in English; anyway, there it is, with an implication of something fresh and joyous, a piece for a boudoir at which only letters couched in the tenderest terms should be written, and those not too seriously. The form of these bantam *secretaires*, if I may call them so, is familiar enough in all kinds of wood, with an infinite number of variations in detail—marquetry, Sèvres or Wedgwood plaques, for example—and the English versions in painted or unadorned satinwood follow the same general pattern—and, now I come to think of it, in mahogany or rosewood until well into the nineteenth century.

The photograph does not reveal the interior (the point about the piece is the decoration of the exterior and the quality of the French imitation of Oriental lacquer), but this is as neat as anyone can wish, a folding section revealing a leather writing panel and the sliding sections covering wells, and veneered with tulipwood and with a long drawer below. The raised cabinet at the back is surmounted by a pierced gallery, and the mounts

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. HOW TO WRITE WELL..

By FRANK DAVIS.

to be fascinated, as I am, by the mysterious way in which styles in furniture, or in anything else for that matter, can change in the course of twenty or thirty years, they provide a simple demonstration of what actually happened in France between, say, 1750 and 1785. The earlier is Fig. 3—graceful curves, and curves not merely in the slightly cabriole legs but in the frieze, the ormolu mounts and handles, and even, if you look carefully, in the lower borders of the two outside drawers. Fig. 2 is a wholly rectangular design, but with the most delicate little subtleties of treatment which add variety without in the least

eggs at the big end or little end—I mean by this that looking at these two writing-tables, we choose curves or rectangles without thinking whether one or the other is the latest mode; the time factor hardly enters into it. Each of them is worth studying in some detail, for good workmanship is composed of dozens of small perfections, not just of a fine overall design with the minor bits scamped over. There are some beautiful details in each piece which are, I think, sufficiently well brought out in the two photographs.

In Fig. 3 I note and enjoy the following in addition to generally fine proportions. The grain of the wood itself—kingwood, a most beautiful timber, not unlike rosewood, which began to be imported from South America at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and is thought to have acquired its name in compliment to King Louis XV; something of its quality is to be seen on the leg on the right where the light happens to catch it. The elegant taper of the legs, and the beautifully moulded ormolu toes which are not just given a decoration outside, but are, as it were, ormolu shod. Then there is the remainder of the various ormolu mounts, nicely modulated over the knees, the keyhole surrounds, and especially the handles, cast and chased with a foliage pattern and echoing the other curves of the structure. Finally, there are for good measure—some will say the piece would be better without them—the two curved ormolu mounts which are placed on each side of the middle drawer and give accent to the two curves above which they stand.

By now I have as good as persuaded myself that writing is scarcely possible except at a curvilinear table—until I take a careful look at Fig. 2. This, though so different in conception, proves to possess as agreeable a list of niceties as the other. Five shallow drawers—the more drawers the more receptacles in which the papers you want at any moment can remain hidden—at each side a leather-covered slide—you can see the small ring handle of one of them on the left. Once again the wood is kingwood, but in this the panels are inlaid with rosette medallions inset in octagonal panels. The borders to the panels are mounted with ormolu in a chain pattern, and the handles are ormolu, circular and devised as a laurel-wreath and ram's mask. The legs are square and tapering. Perhaps the thing is rather large for some modern rooms—63 ins. wide as against the other's 57.



FIG. 1. SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON APRIL 26 FOR 850 GNS. : A LOUIS XVI BLACK LACQUER BONHEUR DU JOUR, WHICH IS AMONG THE FINE PIECES OF FRENCH FURNITURE DESCRIBED BY FRANK DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK. (Width ; 28 ins.)



FIG. 2. A LOUIS XVI PARQUETRY LIBRARY TABLE, WHICH IS TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON MAY 31, IN THE SALE OF THE COLLECTION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE. IT IS 63 INS. WIDE AND IS A LITTLE BIG FOR MODERN ROOMS. THIS SALE INCLUDES A WIDE RANGE OF FRENCH FURNITURE.

at the corners of the main portion and the beaded borders round the panels are of ormolu. Altogether, for lacquer-fanciers a very agreeable piece, made yet more agreeable by the turned legs which taper downwards, and thus, by a well-known trick, give an air of lightness to the whole. This would be all very well for a love-letter, a lyric or even for a not over-reprehensible limerick; for serious writing something more solid is indicated.

Like ourselves, the French produced some fine things in library tables; here are two which I personally would give an awful lot for if I had an awful lot to give. Incidentally, if you happen



FIG. 3. A LOUIS XV KINGWOOD LIBRARY TABLE, WHICH IS A PIECE OUTSTANDING FOR ITS DESIGN OF GRACEFUL CURVES AND FOR THE BEAUTIFUL GRAIN OF THE WOOD. IT WAS SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON APRIL 26 FOR 900 GNS. AND WAS FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR CHARLES PRESCOTT. (Width ; 57 ins.)

detracting from its four-square dignity; none the less, it would appear to belong to a different world and to be the product of some new climate of opinion—as indeed it was, for people had become tired of the old ideas.

By the time it was made, Fig. 3 must have seemed uncommonly old-fashioned; we, of course, at this distance can take a bird's-eye view of all these matters and perceive the virtues of each without being influenced by the fashionable prejudices then current. We replace them merely by our own prejudices of to-day, which boil down to little more than whether we prefer to crack our

As a sop to the super-insular, there is just room for mention of something we did uncommonly well ourselves: that purely English invention, the Carlton House writing-table, with its stepped drawers, brass rail at the top, and the nice curved sweep of the upper and back parts. The things presumably derived their name from the Prince Regent's house, Carlton House, on the site of Carlton House Terrace, and were in favour from about 1790 for the next thirty years or so, and, to my mind, were a genuinely original contribution to furniture design and to the art of writing good sensible prose, if not impassioned verse.

DRAWINGS OF FOUR CENTURIES: AN IMPORTANT LONDON EXHIBITION.



"HOLY FAMILY" (PERHAPS AFTER BAROCCIO),
BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD (1732-1806).
(Crayon; 12 by 7½ ins.)



"HOLY FAMILY," BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770). THIS EXHIBITION OF FINE DRAWINGS AT WILDENSTEIN'S CONTINUES UNTIL JUNE 16.
(Sepia; 9½ by 6½ ins.)



"THE RABBIT," BY J. B. S. CHARDIN (1699-1779). (Black and red crayon heightened with water-colour and pastel; 8½ by 6½ ins.)



"THREE STUDIES OF A LIONESS," BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX (1798-1863), WHO LOVED TO DRAW ANIMALS. (Black crayon; 14½ by 10½ ins.)



"FIRST COMMUNION OF THE COUNT OF PARIS AND THE DUKE OF CHARTRES,"
BY CONSTANTIN GUYS (1805-1892). (Wash; 8½ by 9½ ins.)



"HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN," ONE OF THREE VERY FINE DRAWINGS BY L. J. F. LAGRENÉE (1725-1805). (Black and white chalk; 10½ by 8½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF PRUD'HON," DRAWN IN 1817 BY JULES BOILLY (1796-1874), THE SON AND PUPIL OF LOUIS LEOPOLD BOILLY. (Crayon, oval; 7½ by 6 ins.)



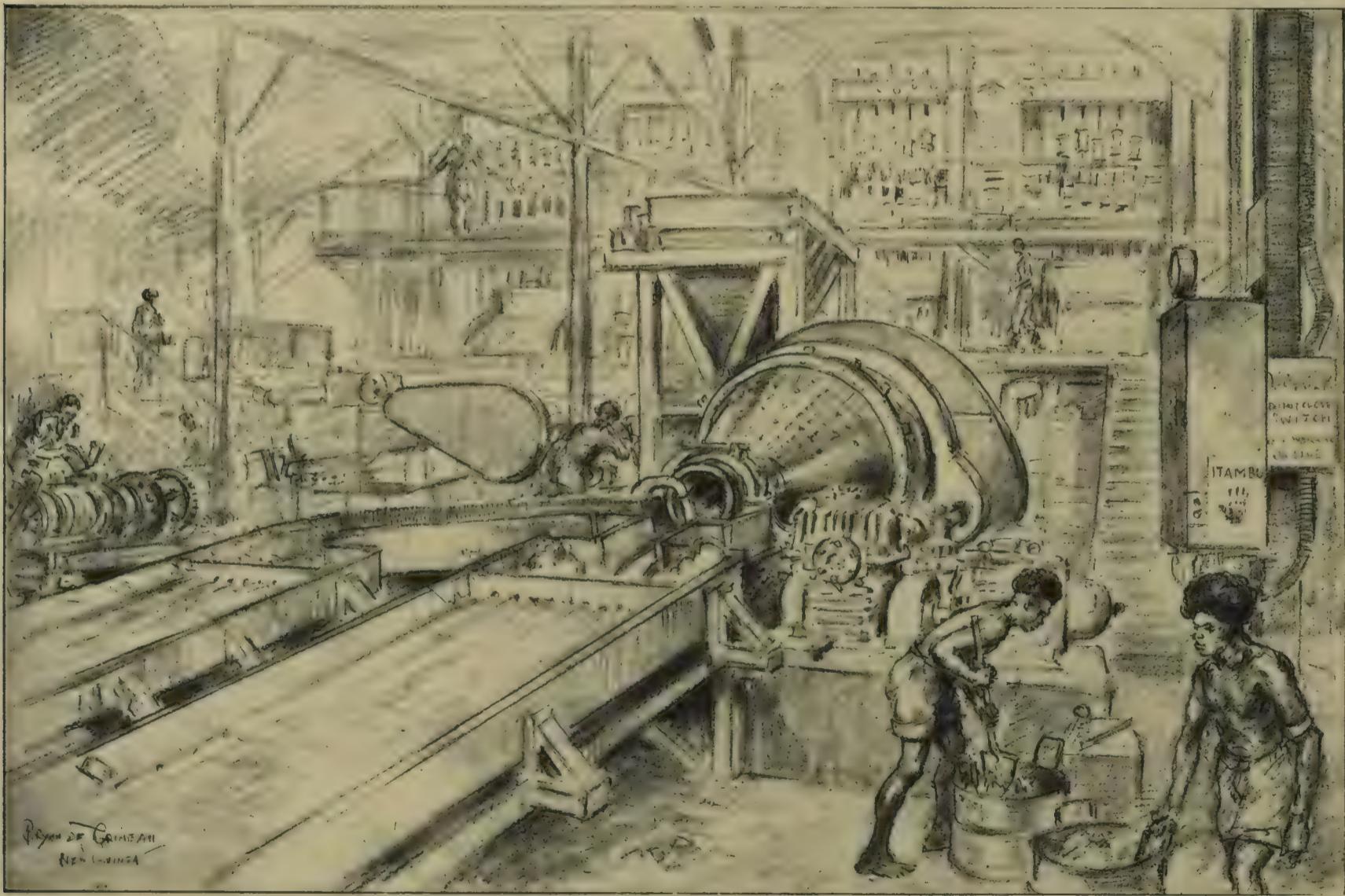
"HEAD OF A WOMAN," BY BERNARDINO LUINI (c. 1475-1531/2). ONE OF THE FINEST OF THE EARLY DRAWINGS SHOWN. (Charcoal; 9½ by 7 ins.)

Messrs. Wildenstein are showing over a hundred drawings, mostly from their collections in Paris and New York, in their current exhibition at their Galleries at 147, New Bond Street. Entitled "The Art of Drawing—XVIIth to XIXth Centuries," the exhibition progresses from a small drawing by the Florentine artist Fra Bartolommeo (1472-1517) to an interesting sheet of studies executed by Vincent van Gogh in 1890. The

accent in the intervening centuries is overwhelmingly on the French School, and seven of the drawings reproduced on this page are by French artists. The three drawings by Louis Jean François Lagrenée form an especially striking group. This artist was a pupil of Carle van Loo and won the Prix de Rome in 1749. He became Director of the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts in 1760. This exhibition continues until June 16.



WORKED BY THE PIONEER GOLD PROSPECTORS WHO ONCE INHABITED THE SHACK (LEFT) MADE OF FLATTENED BISCUIT-TINS: NEW GUINEA'S FAMOUS EDIE CREEK.



COARSE CRUSHING THE ORE TO RECOVER THE GOLD: MEN AT WORK IN THE GOLDEN RIDGES MILL, NEAR KORANGA.

GOLD-MINING IN NEW GUINEA: EDIE CREEK AND ITS BISCUIT-TIN SHACK; AND GOLDEN RIDGES MILL.

Since the beginning of historic time gold has been the most highly prized and readily exchangeable commodity in the world and has been the incentive for many important voyages of discovery. The greatest gold discoveries were those of the nineteenth century in North America, Australia and South Africa. When Bryan de Grineau visited Australian New Guinea he made a number of drawings of some goldfields which date from this century. These are the Koranga workings of New Guinea Goldfields Limited, a company formed in 1929 by the late Mr. Leslie Urquhart to consolidate the leases of the early prospectors and to acquire prospecting

rights over an area of some 15 square miles in New Guinea. The upper drawing shows the famous Edie Creek on a plateau 3000 ft. above the other workings. It was once rich in alluvial gold but is now almost worked out. The abandoned shack, made of flattened biscuit-tins, was once inhabited by the pioneer gold prospectors whose names are famous in New Guinea gold history—"Shark Eye" Parke; Bill and Bert Royal; Bill Money; Dick Glisson; Tom Chisholm and Jim Sloan. The interior of the Mill shows the central ball mill, and, in the foreground, the boxes with the corduroy blankets in which the coarser gold is recovered.

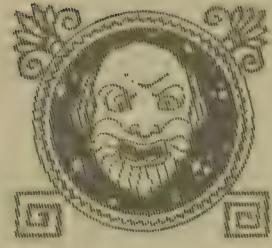


GOLD-MINING IN NEW GUINEA : THE ENTRANCE TO THE UPPER WORKINGS OF THE GOLDEN RIDGES MINE.

Before New Guinea Goldfields Limited could start producing gold in the Koranga area of New Guinea in 1933, all the equipment had to be brought in by air. To-day there is a motor road between the workings and the port at Lae. Much of the labour is recruited from the native tribes, who work under Australian foremen. The gold is mined from irregular veins which do not continue for long distances, and as the local rock is for the most part soft and decomposed, it has to be supported with timber which, owing to the climate, constantly needs renewing. The 600 natives are housed

in a number of barracks, each of which has a farm where sweet potatoes and other items of the workers' diet are grown. As the development of agricultural and natural resources progresses in New Guinea there appears to be a growing shortage of native labour, but the Company is fortunate, at present, in having its normal complement of men, who are well looked after. On this page we show the entrance to the upper workings of the Golden Ridges Mine, from which the ore is mined and transferred to the mill, the interior of which is shown on the facing page.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Bryan de Grineau.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THE SWAN PRINCESS.

By ALAN DENT.

IT was the blessed Sir Max Beerbohm who once, when he was a dramatic critic, said the last word on the classification of actresses, and his observation applies to those who act on the screen just as well as to those who act on the stage: "Actresses may be divided into four classes: those who comport themselves beautifully on the stage and give the impression of real life; those who only comport themselves beautifully; those who only give the impression of real life; and those who do neither of these things."

It hovers on the verge of possibility that I may have cited this useful and felicitously-phrased dictum on this page on some previous occasion. If so, the occasion was not that of "placing" anybody so world-wide-famous as Miss Grace Kelly. It now gives me pleasure—the peculiar personal pleasure of asserting one's own as distinct from the critical world's opinion—of placing Miss Kelly in the second of the Beerbohm categories of actress, and not in the first.

In a new film, "The Swan," which has coincided with a kind of inspired and contrived felicity with her own Royal wedding, Miss Kelly plays a European Princess with whom a marriage is being arranged—by several elderly and Royal arrangers—with a highly eligible European Prince. The period is 1910, and the source of the plot is the play of the same name by the late Ferenc Molnar. The swan, said Molnar, is an elegant bird on condition that it keeps to the lake and avoids the shore. Princesses are swans, and must keep to that situation in life to which it has pleased Providence to call them. Princess Alexandra is a daughter of a Royal house temporarily lacking a throne, and her mother, Princess Beatrix, wants to noble for her daughter the heir-apparent to a neighbouring kingdom who is on tour in search of a bride.

Carinthia, Carpathia, Caramelia, and some other, so to speak, car-nations, have already been drawn blank. Princesses there were at those Courts, but they were either too lofty or too low, limpid or looked stupid. Even here, to the great disgust of Princess Beatrix, the visiting Prince shows himself in anything but a coming-on disposition, and so the matchmaker trots out the age-long fallacy that the only way is to pretend that her daughter has an eye to somebody else. She hits upon the young and handsome Court tutor; and Princess Alexandra falls in with her mother's plan, which is that the daughter shall include the tutor in her invitations to a Court banquet, where she proposes to flirt with him under the visiting Prince's nose.

The Princess Alexandra is not quite without conscience, and she apologises for the abominable trick. But the tutor, for once in his subservient life, sees red, and, fortifying himself with a bumper of Tokay, will let nobody else speak until he has had his say—which is an exhaustive set of variations on Robert Burns's theme of an honest man being

above the might of princes. Whereupon Prince Albert, the visitor, who knows no reason for the outburst, quite rightly tells the tutor to mind his manners. Whereupon, likewise, the Princess Alexandra gives the tutor a kiss, about which next morning she has almost entirely forgotten. At least, she cheerfully engages herself to the Prince and consents to the tutor being dismissed—with a caution about minding his station in future.

A full quarter of a century ago the play failed in London, though it had a coruscating cast which glitters even now—Edna Best and Herbert Marshall as the Princess and her Prince; Colin Clive as the tutor, Henrietta Watson and C. V. France and Irene Vanbrugh as the

Colin Clive because both in voice and style he was "no pinchbeck tutor but rather an unfeudged Corsican eagle or a Mussolini in the making." (The year was 1930.) Logically, therefore, Miss Kelly playing Molnar's Princess would have satisfied Agate in this part, since she is steely, glittering, and self-possessed to a fault.

My own point is that it is these three things, and these three things only, which are all I have ever seen her being—in "To Catch a Thief," in "Rear Window," and even in "The Country Girl," which won her many prizes, because painstaking direction here gave us the illusion that she was capable of some flurries of emotion as well. In "The Swan" she is outshone, if there really is any question of emotion, by Mr. Louis Jourdan as the black knight on the Court chessboard who refuses to be simply pushed forward as a black puppet, and by Mr. Alec Guinness as the Prince who, alone among the principal characters, reminds us that Molnar had a kind of witty quality—the wit of action and situation rather than the wit of words.

Mr. Guinness's witty gusto is seen in a dozen episodes, and he is nowhere more princely than when he is doing some quite unprincely things, such as taking the double-bass player to the three old arch-harpies to whom Mesdames Jessie Royce Landis, Estelle Winwood, and Agnes Moorhead give ropes of pearls and yards of dignity.

What is happening to British comedy, now that Mr. Guinness seems temporarily at least to have gone to Hollywood—for it is at Hollywood that "The Swan" was made under the direction of Charles Vidor? One answer is that it is being revived a good deal, and that the famous little Everyman at Hampstead, and one or two others like it up and down the country, have recently given us a series of the best half-dozen comedies made at Ealing with Mr. Guinness in the lead of most of them. Another answer is that it still shows sparks of life in spite of Mr. Guinness's temporary absence and in spite of Ealing's closing down. There is some hope, for example, in Mr. Max Bygraves, who shows us in "Charley Moon"—a simple tale about a music-hall artist who made good the hard way—that he may one day bring his good looks and his cheeky Cockney charm to full fruition on the British screen. His aim, at the moment, would seem to be to create an effortless performance rather than an innately funny one. But the effect of real effortlessness is only to be achieved by making a prodigious effort and having the art to conceal it. This applies whether one is simply out to be a lovable natural comedian or a regular, right-down Royal princess-swan worthy of being called, as her prince-lover calls her, moving, white, mystical.



A SCENE FROM THE M.-G.-M. CINEMASCOPE COLOUR PRODUCTION OF "THE SWAN": PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (GRACE KELLY; LEFT) PLEADS WITH HER MOTHER, PRINCESS BEATRIX (JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS), WHILE PRINCE ALBERT (ALEC GUINNESS) LOOKS ON. (LONDON PREMIERE, APRIL 26; EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.)



MR. ALEC GUINNESS AS PRINCE ALBERT IN THE M.-G.-M. PRODUCTION OF "THE SWAN."

In making his choice Mr. Alan Dent writes: "It is late in the day to be praising Alec Guinness for finesse in high comedy. But for sheer professional smoothness combined with natural fun and great comic inventiveness, his performance as the Prince in search of a bride in 'The Swan' is an outstanding example of that witty kind of acting which can turn a fairly amusing script into one that sparkles and crackles whenever he is around. It is good to hear that Mr. Guinness's departure for Hollywood to make 'The Swan' was only temporary, and that he is already back in England with a new stage production."



"A SIMPLE TALE ABOUT A MUSIC-HALL ARTIST WHO MADE GOOD THE HARD WAY": MAX BYGRAVES, IN THE TITLE-ROLE OF "CHARLEY MOON," ENTERTAINS SOME OF THE CHILDREN IN THE TRAVELLING CIRCUS HE JOINS AFTER A BRIEF PERIOD OF WEST-END SUCCESS. (LONDON PREMIERE, APRIL 6; LONDON PAVILION.)

**"TEN DAYS TO DIE": AN AUSTRIAN FILM
OF HITLER'S LAST DAYS IN BERLIN.**



(LEFT.)
A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE: ADOLF HITLER AS PORTRAYED BY ALBIN SKODA IN THE AUSTRIAN FILM "TEN DAYS TO DIE," WHICH TELLS THE STORY OF THE LAST DAYS OF THE FUEHRER'S LIFE IN THE BERLIN BUNKER.



(RIGHT.)
THE TENSION RISES: HEINRICH HIMMLER (ERICH SUCKMANN) HANDING OVER PHIALS OF CYANIDE OF POTASSIUM, FOR HITLER'S USE, TO MARTIN BORMANN (KURT EILERS).



THE WEDDING IN THE BUNKER: HITLER SIGNS THE REGISTRY AS EVA BRAUN (LOTTE TOBISCH) LOOKS ON. GOEBBELS (WILLY KRAUSE) IS ON THE LEFT.



A WITNESS OF THE WHOLE DRAMA: THE ORIGINAL TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD IN THE BUNKER WHICH WAS ESPECIALLY REPAIRED FOR USE IN THIS FILM.



THE NAZI LEADER WHO SURVIVED HITLER ONLY TO COMMIT SUICIDE LATER: HEINRICH HIMMLER (ERICH SUCKMANN).



THE END: THE BODIES OF HITLER AND EVA BRAUN ARE UNCEREMONIOUSLY BURNT IN THE GROUNDS OF THE BUNKER.

There has been much speculation as to how Adolf Hitler met his end in the notorious Bunker in Berlin. The Austrian film "Ten Days to Die," which is soon to be seen in London, gives a striking reconstruction of the last dramatic days of the Fuehrer's life. It was presented at last year's Edinburgh Film Festival under the title "The Last Act," but it has now been

renamed after the book on which it is based. This was written by M. A. Musmanno, an American, who was one of the presiding judges at the Nuremberg Trials. The film is directed by G. W. Pabst to a script by Erich Maria Remarque. It is expected that "Ten Days to Die" will be shown at the Cameo-Polytechnic, Upper Regent Street, towards the end of June.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SIMPLE PLEASURES AND DEVOTIONS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is, perhaps, a lucky accident that my study window looks out upon the most arid corner of the whole garden. There is little temptation to spend time looking through it. Occasionally, however, there does occur the time-consuming episode. The bareness of the outlook is relieved by a group of well-grown cypresses, planted too close, and therefore "leggy." The small songbirds seem to find their lower branches a favourite retreat and the foliage is not too thick to screen their actions from my observation. There the birds perch and preen themselves interminably. A single bird may remain for half an hour or more preening almost continuously.

One sees this sort of thing elsewhere, of course, among wild birds and among those in cages or aviaries, but the cypresses offer, so to speak, a vignette which focuses the performance sharply. It was tempting to suppose, at first, that this close attention to cleaning the body was due to the presence of numerous ectoparasites. When we couple the addiction to preening with the widespread enjoyment of bathing, however, it seems we have no alternative to supposing that birds enjoy making their toilet, or performing their ablutions, whichever term is the more appropriate.

It has been a matter of some surprise to me, over the years, how often wild birds may be seen bathing, even in the coldest weather. Where nothing better offers, a tiny puddle in the middle of a field or in the woods will be exploited to full capacity. Certainly our own aviary birds, with few exceptions, take at least one bath a day.

It is always hazardous to generalise, but it is a fairly safe assumption that keeping the surface of the body clean is one of the primary essentials to survival. The process is certainly widespread. Merely to take a few random examples spread over the animal kingdom as a whole not only indicates how widespread it is, but also shows the various ways in which it is accomplished. In the lowest invertebrates there are striking instances of such things as corals and sea-anemones, in which the body is kept clean by the concerted action of cilia, or protoplasmic hairs, which carry off sand-grains falling on the surface. More often the body is kept clean by a periodic shedding of the skin. This ecdysis, or moulting, is primarily associated with increase in the size of the body, but it must also result, secondarily, in a cleaning. The crab or lobster shedding its outer coat not only makes room for the body to expand, but also makes a fresh start with a clean surface. In the upper reaches of the invertebrate scale, the insects, many of them, at all events, seem to be as much addicted to cleaning themselves by obvious and purposive actions as are the birds, rubbing their legs against each other, passing the antennae through their front feet and brushing the legs over various parts of the body, all in a manner recalling the actions seen in birds and mammals.

In the lower vertebrates, including fishes, amphibia and reptiles, the cleaning of the body surface is mainly to be compared with the processes used by the lower invertebrates, and can be exemplified by the sloughing in snakes and others. Some fishes seem to be addicted to rubbing the sides of the body on coral or rock, apparently for the removal of external parasites, but apart from this and the insects' toilet already mentioned, we are justified in regarding outer cleanliness in animals as something imposed upon them by their physiology. With the warm-blooded animals, which are at the same time the more advanced mentally and emotionally, the cleaning of the surface of the body appears to have become linked with other aspects of living. It has

become more obviously associated with pleasurable sensations and, probably as an easy transition from this, with an expression of the emotions, even to the point where it is used in displays of affection.

We can only speak tentatively of such matters. For all we shall ever know to the contrary, a coral or a sea-anemone may experience physical comfort when sand-grains are being removed from its surface. An insect may derive satisfaction from



DUAL ECSTASY: ONE OF THE TAWNY OWLS PREENS THE OTHER'S HEAD BUT, AS WITH MOST BIRDS, ON THE QUID PRO QUO BASIS OF "I'LL SCRATCH YOURS IF YOU'LL SCRATCH MINE!"



BIRDS WHICH ARE ORDINARILY AS DISTANT AS TWO ENGLISHMEN WHO HAVE NOT BEEN INTRODUCED: TAWNY OWLS IN AN AVIARY.

Dr. Burton says that owls so often tend to be very un-birdlike in their comportment that they suggest in many ways a bridge between birds and mammals. Often the birds will sit on the same perch for long periods and appear to completely ignore each other, while on other occasions they will indulge in preening each other's heads on the inaccessible spots, on a *quid pro quo* basis, with every appearance of enjoyment.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

brushing its antennae. A snake may derive pleasure from sloughing its skin. As we pass from the lower animals to the higher the purely physiological passes insensibly into the emotional and the difficulty lies in knowing where to draw the line between the use of one word and another in describing what is taking place. We are compelled to work largely by analogy. My main line of enquiry here is, however, to seek to assess a passing thought: that the method employed in so many displays of affection actually springs from the utilitarian business of keeping clean.

In addition to closely watching the preening habits of the birds in the cypresses, and of those in the aviaries, I have watched closely the comparable behaviour of several mammals. There are,

of course, the usual cat and dog, which are so much part of the family that their daily routines are almost as familiar as our own. Other mammals I have studied more or less intensively in the past few years include brown rats, house mice, harvest mice, rabbits, water voles, grey and red squirrels and foxes. All these I know well enough to have a clear picture of how much time they spend in grooming themselves, and with most of them it is considerable, far more than would be occasioned merely by the presence of parasites. Moreover, there is for the most part as orderly a sequence of actions as in the more fastidious human beings. The outstanding instance, which calls for comment, relates to the foxes. One always reads of their unclean habits. The word "filthy" is frequently applied to them, and derogatory comparisons are always made with the exemplary conduct of badgers. My experience is that foxes, even when kept under conditions closely approaching a natural habitat, always appear well-groomed. The sole exception is that when a fox emerges from its earth after a period of sleep the brush is dishevelled, but this is soon rectified.

In most of the mammals cited, grooming is done with the hind-feet and with the mouth, either with the teeth or, less commonly, the tongue. Some use the fore-paws. Whatever method is employed there are parts that are inaccessible, notably behind the ears and under the throat. These are precisely the places where they like to be tickled or stroked, and they are precisely the places where, in moments of affection, each will groom the other with the tongue. At such moments, the animal being so groomed suggests by its attitude and bearing that it is enjoying it. There is in this interchange almost an example of doing as you would be done by. It is as if the animal, knowing these to be the inaccessible places, knowing how pleasurable it is to be groomed there, is offering the most esteemed service

possible, as a mark of affection. Admittedly it is often helped by the recipient of the favours bending the head to invite them.

I deliberately use the word "affection" here because it has nothing to do with courtship, nor is it a daily or stereotyped routine. It can be associated with a courtship, but that is largely fortuitous. Courtship partakes so largely of a stereotyped ceremonial that it is possible to separate it from other sequences of behaviour. The fortuitous nature of the affection display is nowhere better exemplified than in our two tawny owls, and it is their conduct which gives the key to all that has been said here.

Owls tend to be very un-birdlike in their comportment, so that they suggest in many ways a bridge between birds and mammals. Our two, although spending all their time within the same

aviary, are as aloof as two Englishmen who have not been properly introduced. They will sit, even on the same perch, for long periods on end, taking no notice of each other. Occasionally, however, they will indulge in preening actions towards each other, on the inaccessible spots, and with every appearance of enjoyment. I have no doubt some other birds do the same. It is merely that I know these owls best, and for me their actions serve to co-ordinate my knowledge of other birds and animals, so that I am prepared to believe them capable of showing affection. Furthermore, these displays are significantly similar to the cleaning actions carried out autonomously on themselves but now directed to the awkward parts of a companion's body.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO
ETHIOPIA: MR. G. W. FURLONGE.
The appointment of Mr. G. W. Furlonge as Ambassador in Addis Ababa was announced on May 7. Mr. Furlonge, who is fifty-two, has been Minister at Sofia since 1954. He was educated at St. Paul's School and at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He entered the Levant Consular Service in 1926, and served in Casablanca, Jeddah and Beirut. In 1948 he joined the Foreign Office.



NEW MANAGER OF THE LIVERPOOL
PHILHARMONIC: MR. G. McDONALD.
Mr. Gerald McDonald has been appointed General Manager and Secretary of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. Mr. McDonald, who is forty-two, has been on the staff of the Arts Council since 1948, and was recently appointed Assistant Music Director. He was trained as a singer and studied under Frank Titterton.



NOTED AMERICAN ACTOR DIES:
MR. LOUIS CALHERN.
Mr. Louis Calhern, the American stage and film actor, died on May 11 at the age of sixty-one. His most memorable rôle was as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in *The Magnificent Yankee* for which he won every Broadway stage award in 1946. He is shown here in the rôle of Julius Caesar in the recent film of that name.



A GREAT ORIENTALIST:
PROFESSOR F. W. THOMAS.
Professor F. W. Thomas, C.I.E., the eminent Orientalist, died on May 13 at the age of eighty-nine. He became a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1892. From 1903 to 1927 he was Librarian at the India Office and for ten years succeeding this was Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford. In 1952 he was vice-president of the International Congress of Linguists.



DIED ON MAY 6: VICE-ADMIRAL
SIR SHELDON DUDLEY.
Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Sheldon Francis Dudley, who was Medical Director-General of the Royal Navy from 1941-45, died on May 6 aged seventy-one. In 1929 he gained the Chadwick gold medal which is awarded to the officer who has done most to promote the health of the Navy. He was Deputy Medical Director-General, R.N., 1935-38; and was knighted in 1942.



PRESIDENT TITO'S VISIT TO PARIS: PRESIDENT COTY (LEFT) WITH PRESIDENT TITO AND HIS WIFE, WHO IS GREETING MME. MENDÈS-FRANCE (RIGHT).
On May 7, President Tito of Yugoslavia, accompanied by his wife, Mme. Broz, arrived in Paris for a five-day official visit to France. On the evening of May 10 President Tito and his wife were the guests of honour at a reception given at Quai d'Orsay, where they were photographed with President Coty of France and Mme. Mendès-France, wife of the former French Premier. Marshal Tito and his Foreign Minister, Mr. Popovic, had several meetings with M. Mollet, the French Prime Minister, and other Ministers.



"FOOTBALLER OF THE YEAR":
BERT TRAUTMANN.
Bert Trautmann, Manchester City's German-born goalkeeper, was presented with the "Footballer of the Year" trophy at a dinner in London on May 3. After the F.A. Cup final at Wembley on May 5 an X-ray examination revealed that Trautmann had broken his neck during the game. He first hurt his neck a fortnight before the final when he aggravated the injury.



AFTER THEIR RUSSIAN TOUR: SIR ARTHUR BLISS AND OTHER BRITISH MUSICIANS.
On May 8, the British musicians who have been touring Russia returned to London Airport. Sir Arthur Bliss (lower left) is seen here with Miss Jennifer Vyvyan. Behind them are Mr. Leon Goossens (top left), Mr. Gerald Moore (top right), Mr. Clarence Raybould (centre left) and Mr. Alfredo Campoli.



A ROYAL MARRIAGE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF LUXEMBOURG AND PRINCE FRANZ FERDINAND.
On May 9, a day of bright sunshine, the citizens of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg witnessed the marriage of Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Grand Duchess, and Prince Franz Ferdinand von Hohenberg. Many Royal guests attended the ceremony. The religious service was celebrated at Luxembourg Cathedral by Mgr. Lommel.

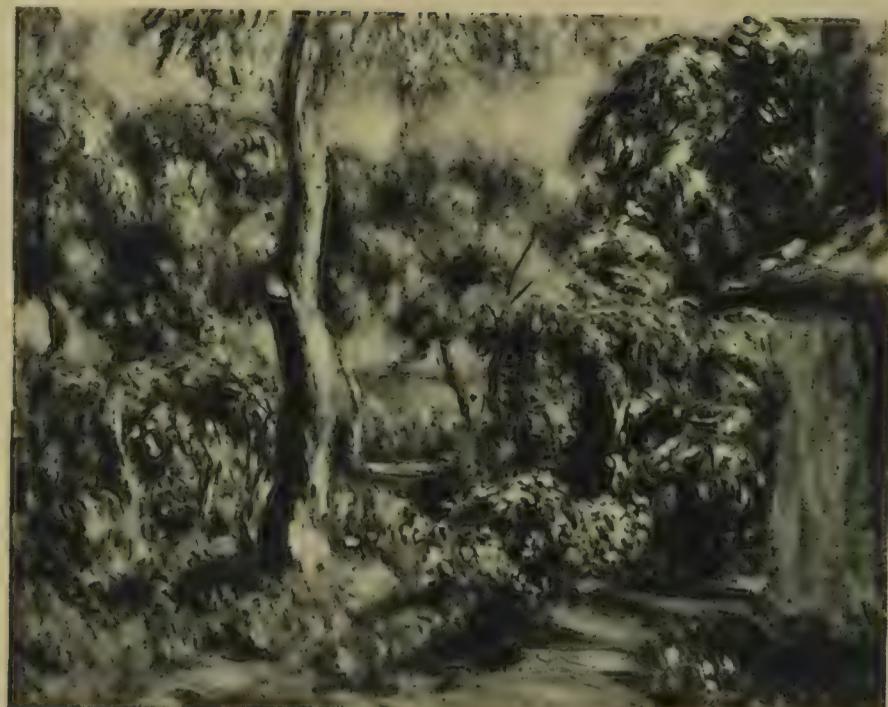


LEAVING FOR LUCERNE: MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH SHOW-JUMPING TEAM.
The British Show-Jumping Team left from London Airport to compete in the International Horse Show at Lucerne, which started on May 10. In the front of this group are (from l. to r.) Miss Dawn Paethorpe, Miss Pat Smythe, who won the High Jumping Contest, and Colonel J. A. Talbot Ponsonby, who is the team's trainer.

RENOIR: A LONDON EXHIBITION IN AID
OF THE RENOIR FOUNDATION.



"LA FERME DES COLLETTES, 1910," ONE OF THE FIFTY PAINTINGS BY PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919) IN THE LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY, 17-18, OLD BOND STREET, WHICH IS BEING HELD IN AID OF THE RENOIR FOUNDATION. (Canvas; 16½ by 21½ ins.).



"L'ARBRE PRÈS DE LA FERME, 1909." THE FARM IS PART OF RENOIR'S PROPERTY "LES COLLETTES," AT CAGNES-SUR-MER. THE OBJECT OF THE EXHIBITION IS TO HELP TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE ACQUISITION OF THIS PROPERTY AS A MONUMENT TO RENOIR. (Canvas; 18½ by 22 ins.)



"FEMME À L'ÉVENTAIL, 1908," WHICH USED TO BE IN THE DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION. (Canvas; 25½ by 21 ins.)



"TÊTE DE FEMME AU CHAPEAU DE PAILLE, 1884," IS ONE OF THE FEW DRAWINGS IN THE EXHIBITION. (Charcoal; 22½ by 17½ ins.)



"JEUNE FEMME ADJUSTANT SON CORSAGE," THIS RENOIR EXHIBITION CONTINUES UNTIL JUNE 23. (Canvas; 21½ by 18 ins.)



"JEAN RENOIR DESSINANT, 1901." RENOIR'S ELDEST SON, JEAN, WAS BORN IN 1893. (Canvas; 19 by 22½ ins.)

of the last twenty years of his life at Cagnes, and several of the works included in the exhibition were painted there. Most of the paintings are on loan from private collections in this country and on the Continent. Two important early works have been lent by the Musée du Louvre. The exhibition is being held in aid of The Renoir Foundation and an entrance fee of 3s. is being charged. It remains open until June 23.

TWO factors make the Renoir Exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery, 17-18, Old Bond Street, an especially interesting one. Firstly, it includes a number of pictures, lent from private collections, which have never before been exhibited in this country. Secondly, the exhibition marks the launching of the English section of the Renoir Foundation, an international organisation which has been formed to raise funds for the acquisition of Renoir's house and garden at Cagnes-sur-Mer (Alpes Maritimes) as a permanent memorial to this very great artist. Renoir spent much



"COCO ÉCRIVANT, 1905." RENOIR OFTEN PAINTED HIS THIRD SON, COCO, WHO WAS BORN IN 1901. (Canvas; 15½ by 12½ ins.)

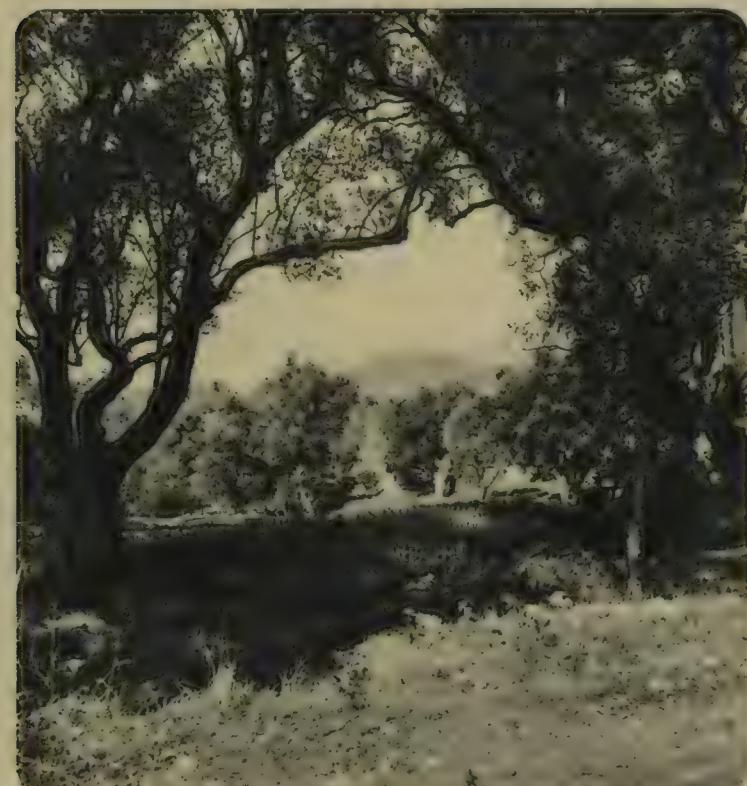
RENOIR'S HOME AT CAGNES-SUR-MER:
AN INTERNATIONAL PURCHASE FUND.



A GREAT ARTIST'S PROVENÇAL HOME: "LES COLLETTES," AT CAGNES-SUR-MER, WHERE PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR SPENT MUCH TIME DURING HIS LATTER YEARS.



THE APPROACH TO THE HOUSE THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN: IT IS HOPED THAT FUNDS WILL BE RAISED TO PURCHASE THIS PROPERTY AS A PERMANENT MEMORIAL TO RENOIR.



A VIEW FROM THE GARDEN OF "LES COLLETTES" ON TO ONE OF THE OLIVE GROVES THAT SURROUND THE ESTATE.



THE WHEEL-CHAIR IN WHICH RENOIR WAS TAKEN ROUND HIS LOVELY GARDEN: RENOIR BECAME CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM, AND IN HIS LAST YEARS HE PAINTED SEATED IN THIS WHEEL-CHAIR WITH HIS BRUSH STRAPPED TO HIS HAND.



SEEN FROM THE GARDEN OF "LES COLLETTES": THE NEIGHBOURING TOWN OF CAGNES, DOMINATED BY THE ANCIENT GRIMALDI CASTLE.

Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841-1919), one of the greatest and most prolific of the French Impressionist painters, spent long periods of the last twenty years of his life at his lovely property, "Les Collettes," at Cagnes-sur-Mer, Alpes Maritimes. It was at "Les Collettes" that he painted many of his later pictures, and, after being for years a martyr to crippling rheumatism, he died there in 1919. Committees are being organised in France and other European



OFTEN PAINTED BY RENOIR: THE FARM AT CAGNES-SUR-MER, WHICH FORMS PART OF THE PROPERTY WHICH IT IS PLANNED TO PURCHASE.

countries to raise the 32,000,000 francs (about £32,000) needed to purchase this famous property as a national memorial to Renoir. The Dowager Lady Aberconway is acting as chairman of the English Committee, and the appeal, launched with a reception at her house, has the added support of the important exhibition of paintings by Renoir at the Marlborough Gallery. It is hoped that "Les Collettes" will become a centre for painters of every nationality.

The photographs of the house, the wheel-chair and the farm are reproduced by courtesy of "The Times."



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THESE is—for me at any rate—a rather special fascination about shrubs which remain small, really small, naturally, always, and without coercion. The same fascination attaches to tiny trees; trees, that is, which are either naturally dwarf species, or which are pigmy varieties of species which normally grow to considerable size.

There are, too, the tiny trees which the Japanese cultivate in pots and shallow pans, pines, maples, junipers, and the rest, which, if planted in open ground, would soon grow away into large specimens, but which by a system of pruning, training and semi-starvation are made to assume and retain the appearance of giant veterans in miniature. These, too, are most fascinating objects, and the best of them are at once antiques and genuine works of art. It is a mistake, however, to think that these Japanese dwarfs are suitable for planting out on the small rock garden, there to remain in scale with the miniature landscape. All too often I have seen amateurs fall into this trap, with disappointing results. The little pines and maples, junipers and retinosporas have only been kept a foot or so high by giving them, over the years, just enough nourishment to keep body and soul, or, rather, branch and leaf together, with no surplus with which they could add to their stature. Planted out on the rock garden, they at once, with eager gratitude, root down into the good earth, and then set to work to make up for years of frustrating semi-starvation. Away they go, growing into normal maples and junipers, and losing their enforced, hard-bitten, pigmy-veteran appearance.

The very little shrubs, and naturally dwarf trees, are not easy to place in the garden in such a way as to show off their character to full advantage. The dwarfer heathers, and such carpeting shrubs as *Gaultheria procumbens*, are relatively easy to place. They may be massed either by themselves or as a carpet under taller spaced-out specimen shrubs such as rhododendrons and other peat-lovers.

But for the really tiny shrubs such as *Daphne rupestris*, *Rhodothamnus chamæcistus*, and that smallest of all myrtles, *Myrtus nummularia*, the most appropriate setting is surely the rock garden, the sink or stone trough garden, or the Alpine house, where they may be grown as specimens in pans or pots.

I have written more than once about that choicest and loveliest of really tiny shrubs, *Daphne rupestris grandiflora*, and now it demands attention again, for even the largest, oldest specimens in cultivation are yet relatively small. Years ago, somewhere in the early 1920's, I planted a small, young specimen of this daphne in a rock garden which I was making for a client in Yorkshire. It was about a couple of years old from the time of its grafting, and was a couple of inches high and the same in spread. I gave it a sunny position between limestone rocks, and told the owner how rare and precious it was. Some five years later I revisited that garden, and the first thing I did on arriving was to ask tidings of the Daphne. It was quite healthy, I was told—but had not grown very much. But the sight of that plant when I reached it a few minutes later completely and utterly astonished me. I must have planted it better than I knew. It had grown into the best open-ground specimen I had ever seen. A dome of small, dark, evergreen leaves, as big as a bowler hat—with every twig and shoot tipped with a cluster of tight flower-buds ready to open in early June, and cover the entire plant

TINY SHRUBS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

with a smother of big, waxy, rose-pink blossoms with an intoxicating fragrance. In 1947 I bought from the late Frank Barker a very fine specimen of *Daphne rupestris grandiflora* from his private collection. It was his second largest specimen,



A DELIGHTFUL MEMBER OF THE GAULTHERIA FAMILY: THE TINY *G. TRICHOHYLLA*, IDEAL FOR PLANTING AMONG RHODODENDRONS AND THE LIKE, AND HERE SEEN WITH ITS LARGE, BRIGHT BLUE BERRIES.



"THAT CHOICEST AND LOVELIEST OF REALLY TINY SHRUBS": *DAPHNE RUPESTRIS GRANDIFLORA*, ALSO KNOWN AS *D. PETRAEA GRANDIFLORA*, SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC "SMOTHER OF BIG, WAXY, ROSE-PINK BLOSSOMS WITH AN INTOXICATING FRAGRANCE."

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

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looking very prosperous in its pan, and I paid him £20 for it. Whether I gave this plant to my son, or whether he just adopted it, I can not remember. Anyway, I was very glad for it to pass into his skilled and unremitting care, and the daphne itself has shown its appreciation, too. To-day it forms a low, shapely dome about 18 ins. across, with every shoot tipped with a fat cluster of flower-buds. Its age is about twenty years.

There are a number of very attractive dwarf rhododendrons, some of them erect in habit and some creeping and forming absolutely prostrate carpets. But all of them, as far as I know, are plants for peaty, lime-free soil, so that on my limy Cotswold soil I have been unable to grow them and get to know their several merits and beauties. There is, however, one near relative of the rhododendrons which grows naturally on limestone formations in the Alps, and flourishes as an enchanting dwarf in our Cotswold soil. This is *Rhodothamnus chamæcistus*. This makes a neat evergreen seldom more than 6 or 9 ins. high, with small, narrow leaves and charming saucer-shaped rose-pink blossoms. There are two flourishing specimens of *Rhodothamnus* in my garden, one growing on the happiest terms with *Primula marginata* in a round stone trough on the north side of my house, and the other in direct contact with tufa rock in my great stone Saxon coffin "trough" garden. Like many other plants which for one reason or another have remained rare in cultivation, *Rhodothamnus* has acquired a reputation for being difficult to grow. In my experience it is nothing of the kind. It is merely difficult to obtain; and certainly it is difficult to collect in the wild and re-establish in the garden. Or, at any rate, it needs special care. The roots are so gossamer-fine that if left exposed even for a short time after being dug up, they dry out almost at once, and so become useless to the plant. The only hope is to have damp (not wet) moss at hand, and wrap the roots in this without delay and then rush the plants home in that state as quickly as may be.

My two specimens were collected by my son in the Dolomites five or six years ago, and another which he brought he planted out as an experiment in a mixed shrub and flower border in ordinary good garden loam heavily charged with oolitic limestone. It has formed a dense turf a foot or more across, which looks the picture of health, and flowers profusely. So much for *Rhodothamnus* being a difficult fussy to grow. Unfortunately, the plant seems to be rare in commerce, so that I could not tell with certainty of any nursery that stocks it, though doubtless there are one or two specialist firms which could supply established specimens.

I think the smallest, dwarfest of all shrubs must surely be *Myrtus nummularia* from the Falkland Islands. It creeps over the ground with reddish, thread-like stems, and pairs of tiny, round, opposite leaves. The stemless blossoms are white, and are followed by white pink-tinged berries which are pleasantly aromatic to eat. Last summer I planted a young specimen of this myrtle in a stone trough. There, in peaty soil, it has flourished in company with a plant each of two slipper orchids, *Cypripedium calceolus* and *C. reginae*. It flowered, produced a berry or two, and spread to five or six times its original size, and, greatly to my relief, I find that it looks none the worse for the exceptionally hard winter which killed or crippled so many good plants up and down the country.

THE CHARLEMAGNE MEDAL; AND SOME TRIUMPHS OF ART AND ENGINEERING.



TRAWLERSMEN TESTING A NEW TYPE OF INFLATABLE SAFETY DINGHY AT FLEETWOOD. LATER IN THE YEAR THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT ARE MAKING THE CARRIAGE OF LIFE RAFTS COMPULSORY IN TRAWLERS.



HELICOPTER LIFTS HELICOPTER IN ALASKA: A U.S.A.F. PIASECKI WORK HORSE ARCTIC RESCUE HELICOPTER LIFTING A DAMAGED SISTER AIRCRAFT FROM A MOUNTAIN TOP FOR REMOVAL TO A BASE.



CLAIMED AS UNSINKABLE: THE DANA RESCUER, INVENTED BY HR. C. SOERENSEN. SHE CAN CARRY TWENTY PERSONS; AND THE HOLLOW MAST SERVES ALSO AS RADIO AERIAL AND AIR INTAKE.



PROMPTED ONLY BY A TAPE RECORDER, A CRANE PLAYS CHESS: AN EXTRAORDINARY RECENT DEMONSTRATION OF AUTOMATION.

At a time when automation is becoming a burning industrial question, the Mechanical Handling Exhibition opened at Earls Court on May 9, and one of the most engaging exhibits was that shown—in which a Vaughan crane played out a half hour's game of chess.



NOT A DIRIGIBLE IN ITS OWN RIGHT: BUT THE NEW TYPE OF EXTRA FUEL TANK, WHICH IS ATTACHED UNDER THE WING OF THE U.S.A.F.'S BOEING B-52C STRATOFORTRESS AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: PART OF ONE OF THE TWO SECTIONS FROM THE GLASS DRAWING-ROOM DESIGNED BY ROBERT ADAM FOR NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE IN 1773, WHICH WERE BOUGHT FOR THE MUSEUM BY THE LATE DR. W. L. HILDBURGH.



THE CHARLEMAGNE PRIZE MEDAL: PART OF THE CHARLEMAGNE PRIZE WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AT AACHEN ON MAY 10. SIR WINSTON IS THE SIXTH RECIPIENT OF THIS AWARD, WHICH IS GIVEN FOR SERVICES TO EUROPE.



A NOTABLE ORIENTAL ACQUISITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: A FINE LATE-THIRTEENTH-CENTURY JAPANESE STATUE OF A PRIEST, WHO IS REPRESENTED AS A LOHAN. With the aid of a grant from the National Art Collections Fund the Department of Oriental Antiquities in the British Museum has purchased this very fine Japanese statue of the Kamakura period. This wooden figure, which is almost life-size, is a portrait of a priest.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PARIS, THRUMS, AND SO ON.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE cover of the "Hotel Paradiso" programme warns us what we are to expect at the Winter Garden. Osbert Lancaster—also the scenic designer—has drawn for us the façade of the shady Paris hotel with some remarkable things happening behind its windows. There is a slightly sinister Oriental; there is the even more sinister Italian who might be a relation of the "Peter Pan" pirate, Cecco; there are four little girls with saucer eyes; there are astonishing wearers of astonishing hats; and outside, advancing upon the hotel's dubious portals, we see the heads and shoulders of another pair of guests, bound for the gay night that this establishment can clearly provide. It is all long ago in what must have been the mad spring of 1910, with Paris defiantly kicking up its heels.

We do not reach the hotel itself until the second act. That is just as it should be, for the piece, by Georges Feydeau and Maurice Desvallières, is traditional French farce, the kind of thing familiar in the first decade of the century and still extraordinarily funny if you are prepared to



"INTRICATELY DEVISED NONSENSE": "HOTEL PARADISO" (WINTER GARDEN), SHOWING (L. TO R.) MARTIN (DOUGLAS BYNG), ANGELICA (MARTITA HUNT) AND BONIFACE (ALEC GUINNESS).

submit to it. At the first performance most of us submitted. A time came when a door had merely to swing for the Winter Garden to be submerged in a billow of laughter. Battered and dazed, but still laughing, we scrambled up, only to be knocked over again and again as wave followed wave. The original authors knew their business; the producer (who has also adapted the play), Peter Glenville, knows his; and certainly the members of the company—an athletic company—know theirs.

The crazy affair has this in common with the farces of Pinero, and, in our own time, of Ben Travers. It starts with feet on the ground, or—if you like—on the firm beach beyond high tide-mark. Less accomplished farce-writers drop us right away into the middle of the harbour and leave us to drown. But such a play as "Hotel Paradiso" leads us carefully down the beach; we are put in the right spirit for the extravagant buffeting in the waves; and we know that, at the last, we shall be able to scramble back to dry land. All of which means, simply, that "Hotel Paradiso" was written by technicians, not by the floundering amateur, hence its long life in a variety of incarnations.

Though its people are basically from stock, they have a touch of crazy truth that endears them to us at the beginning of the night. Personally, if an author and actor can persuade me for five minutes that their man is real, I can accept a lot; and Feydeau and Desvallières (Peter Glenville intervening), and Alec Guinness, persuade me at once that M. Boniface is just around the corner. The year is alleged to be 1910. No matter. We recognise the little man, who is like a blend of marmoset and starling; and we recognise, too, his massive partner (Martita Hunt),

the architect and wife (Frank Pettingell, more French than any Frenchman ever was, and Irene Worth in prodigious swoon and swoop), and the maid (Billie Whitelaw), who is all strings and frills like an ancient revue poster.

Here they are, with others, involved in the authors' game to pair them off as confusedly as possible in the most compromising circumstances.



"A REDOUBTABLE WHIRL OF COMIC ROMPING—BLACK EYES, STAMMER, WIFE-RIDDEN HUSBAND, SLAMMING DOORS, STAIRCASE-PELTING, AND ALL": "HOTEL PARADISO," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE HOTEL.

We realise very well that the scene of the operation will be the Hotel Paradiso. Presently this bursts upon our ravished sight, staircases and rooms and cubby-holes and hall. A door, Musset said, must be either open or shut. In the Hotel Paradiso the wrong people keep appearing at the right door, and the right people are shutting the wrong doors behind them. My favourite remark, and one that may live in many memories of farce, is Alec Guinness's explanation on being found wandering on the stairs with a hot-water bottle. "They have very good hot-water bottles at this hotel," he says in effect. "I usually call in for one when I'm passing." That has for me the ring of Pinero's fireman who says, at the height of the blaze, "You'll find Mr. Goff's reminiscences well worth hearing."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HOTEL PARADISO" (Winter Garden).—It is hard to imagine any connoisseur of farce failing to enjoy this intricately devised nonsense (Feydeau and Desvallières; version and production by Peter Glenville). The cast, led by Alec Guinness, rips through it, upstairs and down, at racing speed. "What a night!" as everyone keeps on saying. (May 2.)

"WILD GROWS THE HEATHER" (London Hippodrome).—A musical comedy based with good-natured enthusiasm on Barrie's "The Little Minister." (May 3.)

"LOOK BACK IN ANGER" (Royal Court).—A forcible-feeble little piece that will add nothing at all to the reputation of the English Stage Company. (May 8.)

BALLET DE PARIS (Palace).—The ever-welcome dancers of the Roland Petit Company are here for a month's season. Their first programme included a ballet by Georges Simenon with music by Georges Auric. (May 8.)

Some of the characters I have not mentioned. There must be a bow to Douglas Byng, as a barrister up from the country, who walks about with four young daughters (the saucer-eyed girls), and who stammers only when it rains. Don't ask why he does: the author says so, and that is enough. As a rule, I detest stammerers on the stage as much as I detest any alleged fun with the deaf (a tasteless trick mercifully out of fashion); but Mr. Byng's stammer is a farcical delight, and we guess at once that it will save some awkward situation in the third act.

I know the things that the serious-minded say against farce, and the charges that will be ranged against this one. We shall be told that it is cliché-ridden, that it wastes the time of a superb cast, that it is not a credit to the writers' theatre. (Someone may even mention Brecht.) Let me say simply that it is a flashing exercise in technique, that the cast appears to enjoy it thoroughly, and that, if you find yourself in the vein, it comes through as a redoubtable whirl of comic romping—black eyes, stammer, wife-ridden husband, slamming doors, staircase-peiting, and all. Years ago it was adapted as a musical comedy, but it does not need music.

Life went more slowly at the Hippodrome on the next night. The piece here is "Wild Grows the Heather," and Barrie-fanciers, viewing it with a startled eye, may feel that something has happened to Thrums. The little town and its surroundings, as presented on the Hippodrome stage, appear to be as far from the book and its Auld Lichts as the Hotel Paradiso is from any hotel known on this side of the moon.

It would be easy to scoff at "Wild Grows the Heather," though, frankly, the title is the only thing that bothers me very much. The intention was to make a popular musical comedy from "The Little Minister," and a popular musical comedy has been made. The Elders of Thrums are present, and various elaborately-ordered events occur on the way to the kirk, in Caddam Woods, and in castle and cottage. Such players as Valerie Miller, Madeleine Christie and Peter Sinclair have ample zest. The piece will probably run, and, while it is running, the impresario Jack Waller (who joined cheerfully in a reprise of the last number on the first night) might take a look at a play written by his distinguished librettist, Hugh Ross Williamson. It would be pleasant to see "Gunpowder, Treason and Plot" on the stage before Guy Fawkes' Day.

It was a long way from Paris to Thrums. Let me end with a longer leap—to Ibsen's "A Doll's House" as a Swedish theatre has threatened to produce it. (This year brings the fiftieth anniversary of Ibsen's death.) The Swedish producer, it seems, preferred the alternative ending that Ibsen wrote, under protest, to meet the demands of German theatres in the 1880's. In this Nora resigns herself to her responsibilities as a mother and stays at home. The Norwegian Association for the Rights of Women protested, and the Swedish director replied coldly that, as far as he knew, Nora was not a member of the Association. In any event, he said, now that women are constantly leaving their husbands and children, the original ending is no longer as provocative as it used to be.

What do we say to that? Perhaps a quotation from "The Little Minister" can speak for us: "You are not angry any more?" pleaded the Egyptian. "Angry!" he cried, with the righteous rage of one who when his leg is being sawn off, is asked gently if it hurts him."



A MUSICAL COMEDY BASED ON BARRIE'S "THE LITTLE MINISTER": "WILD GROWS THE HEATHER" (LONDON HIPPODROME), SHOWING THE THREE ELDERS OF THE KIRK (L. TO R.) DAVID KEIR, GERALD LAWSON AND RICHARD GOLDING, WHOSE GROTESQUE LITTLE DANCE IS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE PLAY.

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Association for the Rights of Women protested, and the Swedish director replied coldly that, as far as he knew, Nora was not a member of the Association. In any event, he said, now that women are constantly leaving their husbands and children, the original ending is no longer as provocative as it used to be.

ANTI-BRITISH RIOTS IN ATHENS; AND NEWS FROM HUNGARY AND THE U.S.



ATHENIAN RIOTERS BURNING A TORN-DOWN UNION FLAG, AFTER A MASS MEETING PROTESTING AGAINST THE CYPRUS DEATH SENTENCES.



THE FRONT OF THE AMERICAN INFORMATION SERVICES LIBRARY IN ATHENS AFTER IT HAD BEEN WRECKED BY ANTI-BRITISH RIOTERS.



ANTI-BRITISH RIOTERS IN ATHENS STAMPING ON THE CHARRED REMAINS OF A UNION FLAG WHICH THEY HAD TORN DOWN AND BURNT.



PART OF A CROWD OF ABOUT 10,000 ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATORS GATHERED IN OMONIA SQUARE, ATHENS, TO LISTEN TO ARCHBISHOP DOROTHEOS' SPEECH.



A BLAZING B-26: ONE OF A GROUP OF PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH WON A PULITZER PRIZE FOR NEWS PHOTOGRAPHY FOR THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS.



A SIGN OF IMPROVED RELATIONS BETWEEN HUNGARY AND AUSTRIA: A HUNGARIAN SOLDIER CUTTING FRONTIER BARBED WIRE, WHICH, WITH MINEFIELDS, IS TO BE CLEARED AWAY.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE theme of "A Dance in the Sun," by the South African writer Dan Jacobson (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 11s. 6d.), is race conflict. Stories of this type have often a polemical or appealing flavour; they seem to demand action. Mr. Jacobson is concerned to produce a work of art.

Therefore his narrative is very deliberate. The narrator and his friend are hitch-hiking down to Cape Town. One day, in the immense heat and emptiness of the Karroo, they signal in vain for a lift, and finally are picked up and rushed uncountable miles in a wrong direction. And so they reach the lost *dorp* of Mirredal. Extraordinarily the hotel is full; there is a wedding party on one of the farms. Here they learn of a big house that "sometimes takes people." It proves to be a locked, rambling, seemingly deserted place—"a house in a dream." The inmates are no less dreamlike. There is a slight, grey woman, as impersonal as a ghost, and a man with a big head of flopping hair, and an "uncanny," bogus youthfulness, who never stops talking. And outside, in the dusk, there is a huge black man. It is Joseph who sets the ball rolling. He has a stolen letter; and he waylays one of the young men and begs to hear it. Then it is the Fletchers' turn. What they want is for the visitors to stay on. Because of the letter: because "Baas Nasie" is coming home: because Fletcher is dead scared of his brother-in-law, and Mrs. Fletcher of the black man.... They won't say why; but in the course of a phantasmagoric, seemingly endless night, with bare bulbs flickering to the rhythm of the electric generator and the house throbbing "like a dream, like plasm"—a night of scenes and buttonholings, and grotesque verbosity, and impish hooliganism—everything comes out.

Place and atmosphere are the author's strong suit; even Fletcher, that most brilliant and horribly comic figure, is more like a piece of walking atmosphere than a human being. Next comes the sad, subtle race-relation. The action is too slow and elaborate to be called exciting—perhaps too slow and elaborate in itself; but it is deeply absorbing.

OTHER FICTION.

"Friends at Court," by Henry Cecil (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), takes up the professional career of Roger Thursby, not where it left off at the end of "Brothers In Law," but twelve years further on. When we last saw him, Roger was very young and had just ceased to be green. At thirty-three, he is one of the ablest and most successful members of the junior Bar, and on the verge of taking silk. Indeed, this process is an ingredient. Another is his engagement to a Chief Constable's daughter. Henry Blagrove is still with us, and would still be anyone's choice, though his ex-protégé has caught up somewhat. Then there is a brand-new barrister named Trent, the pink of ghastliness: an incorrigible old lag named Mr. Green, whom we have met before—and so on. But the staple is the prosecution of a Swiss hotel-keeper and his wife on a charge of bribing police officers: Roger appearing for the defendants and his Jonathan, Henry Blagrove, for the prosecution. The Glacier case runs through the book, raises some nice points of legal conscience and etiquette, and ends up in the Court of Appeal. And it has a precious rascal in Mr. Glacier.

It must be owned that in "Brothers in Law" the novice's first steps had more hilarious and frightful possibilities, and were in fact more of a subject, than a slice of his middle period. But "Friends at Court" is full of wit and information, and outrageously funny scenes—including a day at the races, a delightful bonus.

"The Protagonists," by James Barlow (Cassell; 15s.), is a crime novel. Not a mystery, nor in the common sense a thriller—but a puritanical crime novel. A young woman named Olwen Hughes is murdered by an expert seducer; and the story is in three parts. First we have an account of Olwen's whole life: her early boy-friends, her virtue, tenderness and high principle—and then the progress of her seduction, partly from a diary. Next comes the smug, callous record of the Don Juan; and, finally, the anguish of the bereaved, and the indignant researches of Scotland Yard. Superintendent MacIndoe is as much like a clergyman as a police officer. It is a long book; and it must have real power and skill, or it would drag.

"Death in the Quadrangle," by Eilis Dillon (Faber; 10s. 6d.), is a brazen and delightful instance of murder for fun. Professor Daly (of "Death at Crane's Court") has been invited back to King's College, Dublin, ostensibly to give the Keyes Lectures: really, because the overbearing and abhorred President is getting abusive letters with a tombstone on them. He won't tell the police, and Daly smuggles his young friend Mike into the precincts as a school inspector. Not that it averts the murder, of course.... As a rule I don't care for academic settings, which are apt to be too clever by half. This one is as professorial and eccentric as heart could wish; but it has such charm and gaiety that the wild solution seems of no moment.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

GODS AND MEN.

IN "The Twelve Olympians and their Guests" (Parrish; 17s. 6d.), Dr. Charles Seltman tells the story of the gods of ancient Greece. As he points out, Olympus was a most exclusive club. When it became necessary to co-opt Dionysos as the twelfth Immortal, one of the lady goddesses had to retire to make way for him. Dr. Seltman's book is not merely a delightful, scholarly re-creation of the great classical legends, but is a pleasing description of what the ancient Greeks were, how they thought and what our debt to them to-day is. I am not sure that I entirely agree with him when he says: "Generally we may be more like those Greeks than like our own mediæval ancestors, for we think more like the Greeks and live more like them." The virtues of the religion of the ancient Greeks were manifold. It had no priesthood; it had no dogma; it never sought to proselytise. There were, therefore, no martyrs and, above all, there was very little preoccupation with sin, and virtually none with sex. Indeed, in normal Greek mythology there were only five sinners who were to suffer eternal torment, and their crimes, in every case, were infringements of the prerogatives of the gods. Moreover, the good-humoured tolerance which has been one of the better features of the Greek character ever since, enabled them to take the best of any foreign religion and adapt it naturally to their own. Dr. Seltman points out that Apollo was originally a Hittite god called *Apulunas* who came from Asia Minor. As he says: "It was always one of the agreeable characteristics of the Greeks to welcome the god or gods of a stranger and to say to him, 'But of course! Your gods *x*, *y* and *z* are obviously the very same as my gods *a*, *b* and *c*!'" Therefore, if Ionian Greeks, living in the islands and on the coast of Asia Minor, became familiar with a god of Hittite origin named *Apulunas* they would be ready to point out to Dorian Greeks, of other islands and the Greek mainland, that this was unmistakably the same god as *Apollon*, and the Darians would readily concur." Apart from the twelve Olympians themselves, Dr. Seltman has some nice things to say about the honorary members, who were co-opted to the club; about Herakles and Asklepios, about Alexander the Great and Augustus—whom the Greeks felt were of such remarkable quality that it was inevitable that they should be taken on the strength. A book of considerable charm, which in its praise of the ancient Greek virtues of tolerance and moderation has plenty of lessons for the modern world.

Of all the "divine Cæsars" who succeeded the great Augustus, his stepson Tiberius has left a reputation only slightly less evil than that of his successor, Caligula. Dr. Gregorio Marañón has ably restored the balance between those who take the Tacitean view of Tiberius the monster and those who in recent years have tended to whitewash him. He does this in "Tiberius—A Study in Resentment" (Hollis and Carter; 25s.). But all Tiberius's virtues; his good government which made him in the eyes of Mommsen "the most capable Emperor Rome ever had," cannot efface the record of his excessive cruelty and deceit. Dr. Marañón traces Tiberius's faults to the modern source of an appalling inferiority complex. Even his senile excesses on Capri, by which the normal reader remembers him, he puts down to sexual timidity in his youth and in his middle age. This is a vivid (if occasionally wordy) reconstruction of one of the most enigmatic figures in the history of Rome. His final conclusion must inevitably chip off a great deal of the whitewash which had begun to be liberally splashed over this wicked Emperor.

"Sorcerers' Village" (Harrap; 16s. 6d.) is the story of a journey, made by Mr. Hassoldt Davis, the author of "The Jungle and the Damned," into the deep jungle of the Ivory Coast to discover a secret school of sorcerers and witch doctors who still practise their horrid rites. The result is a book of unusual interest which should cause some of those who are so anxious to force independence on Africa seriously to think. The "white man's medicine" of democracy and constitutional government has formed only a pretty thin crust over the innate savagery of the Dark Continent. It is a far cry from the ancient Greek gods of Delphi to the Baboon Men of the Ivory Coast, with their iron claws for tearing out the hearts of their victims.

Father Trevor Huddleston takes, as a good Christian should, the opposite view. His experiences in South Africa (where one ventures to suggest the problem is somewhat different to what it is in Central, West or East Africa) causes him to hold a far greater belief in the capacity of the African for advancement than some of his contemporaries. Nevertheless, "Naught for your Comfort" (Collins; 12s. 6d.) is a fascinating exposition of a particular problem. An earlier priest (Father Huddleston is, of course, an Anglican) who became an even greater legend was Father Serra, who left the Island of Majorca in the mid-eighteenth century to undertake the dangerous task of winning the souls of the Indians in California for the Christian God. "The Long Road of Father Serra," by Theodore Maynard (Staples; 15s.), is a story which no student of early American history should neglect.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

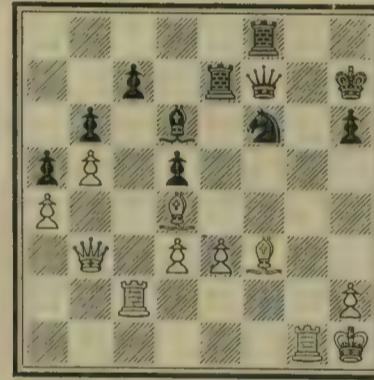
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

A FORTNIGHT ago we had here a game from the World Championship Candidates' Tournament in which Bronstein sacrificed his queen for two bishops and two pawns, could have won thereafter but went astray and lost. In Round 8 of the same event Spassky gave up his queen for a rook and a bishop against Smyslov, should have lost, but won. As the opening was uninspired in contrast with what followed, let us hurry through it:

ENGLISH OPENING—DUTCH DEFENCE.

SMYSLOV	SPASSKY	SMYSLOV	SPASSKY
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	P-K3	18. B-Kt2	Q-K3
2. P-KKt3	P-KB4	19. Kt-Q4	Kt×Kt
3. B-Kt2	Kt-KB3	20. B×Kt	R-R3
4. Kt-KB3	B-K3	21. P-QKt4	P-QKt3
5. Castles	Castles	22. P-Kt5	R(R3)-R1
6. P-Kt3	P-Q4	23. Kt-B3	B×Kt
7. B-Kt2	B-Q2	24. B×B	QR-K1
8. P-Q3	B-K1	25. R-B6	R-K2
9. QKt1-Q2	Kt-B3	26. P-PR4	P-R3
10. P-QR3	P QR4	27. Q-Kt3	K-R2
11. Q B2	Q Q2	28. QR-QB7	P-Kt4
12. P×P	P×P	29. R(B6)-B2	Q-B2
13. P-K3	B-R4	30. K-R1	P-B5
14. B-B3	B-Q3	31. KtP×P	P×P
15. Q-Kt2	R-R3?	32. R-KKt1	P×P
16. KR-B1	K-R1	33. P×P	
17. B-B1	R-Kt3		



33.

Kt-K5!

A good move, because White was short of time on his clock! Any move which diverts the game into totally unexpected channels has a double value in such circumstances.

34. R-Kt7ch Q×R 36. Q×P Kt-Kt4

35. B×Q R×B(B6)

Not 36.... R×B (threatening 37.... R-B8 mate) because 37. Q×Kt is check.

37. B-Q4 R(K2)-B2 38. K-Kt2

Pressed for time, White overlooks at least two better alternatives, 38. P-K4 and 38. R-KKt2.

38. R(B6)-B4 42. Q-Kt7ch K-R4

39. Q-R8 Kt-B6 43. K-R1 Kt-Kt4

40. Q-KR8ch K-Kt3 44. P-R4

41. R-B1 R-B1

Black threatened not only 44.... R(B4)-B2 winning the queen, but 44.... R-B7 followed by ... R×Pch; K-Kt1, Kt-R6 mate.

44. Kt-R6 46. Q-Kt2 Kt-B7ch

45. P-K4 R(B4)-B2 47. K-Kt1 Kt-Kt5

Threatening 48.... R-B6 and 49.... R-Kt6.

48. P-K5 B×P 50. Q-K2ch Kt-B6ch

49. B×B Kt×B 51. R-B4 R×R

Curious cross-checking.

52. K-R1 R-Kt2 53. R-B4 R×R

52. Q-KB2 R-B5 54. Q×Ktch

Because 54. P×R, R-Kt8ch; 55. Q×R, Kt×Q;

56. K×Kt, K×P would leave Black with the simplest of won endings. Now White is lost.

54. R(B5)-KKt5; 55. K-R2, K×P; 56. Q-KB6ch,

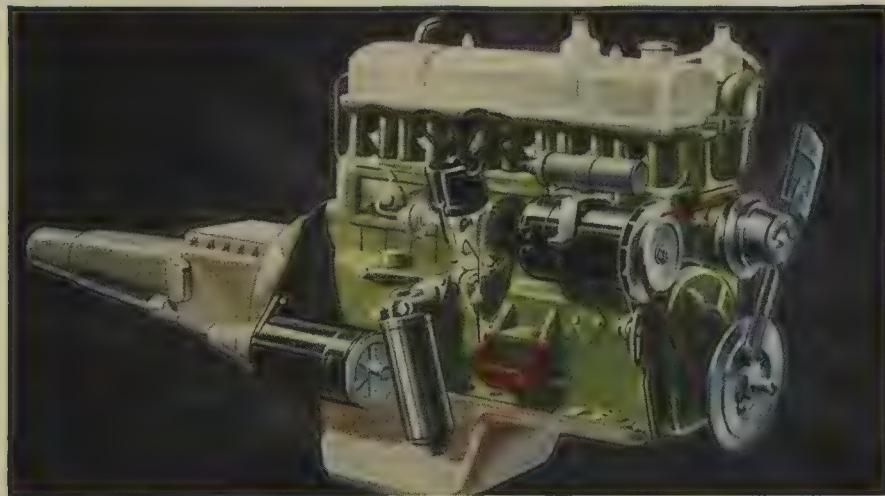
K-K4; 57. Q-KB3, K-Kt4; 58. Q-K3ch, K-B4; 59. Q-Bch,

K-K4; 60. P-Q4ch, K×P; 61. Q-Qch, K-B6; 62. K-R3,

K-Kt5; 63. Q-B2, R-Kt6ch; 64. K-R4, R(Kt2)-Kt5ch;

65. K-R5, R-QB5; 66. Q-Qt, R(Kt6)-QB6; White resigns.

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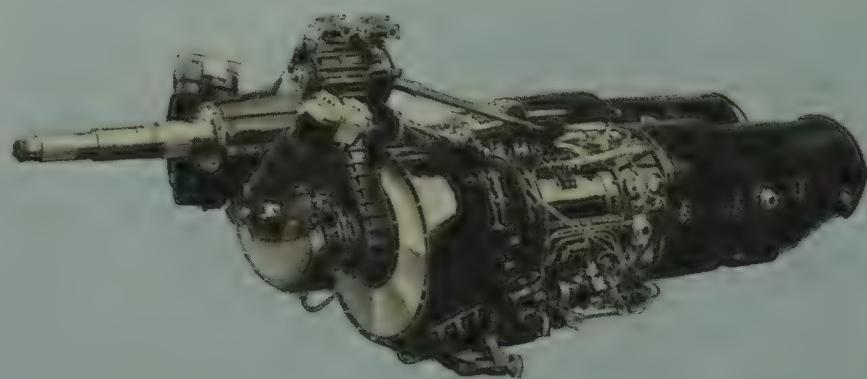


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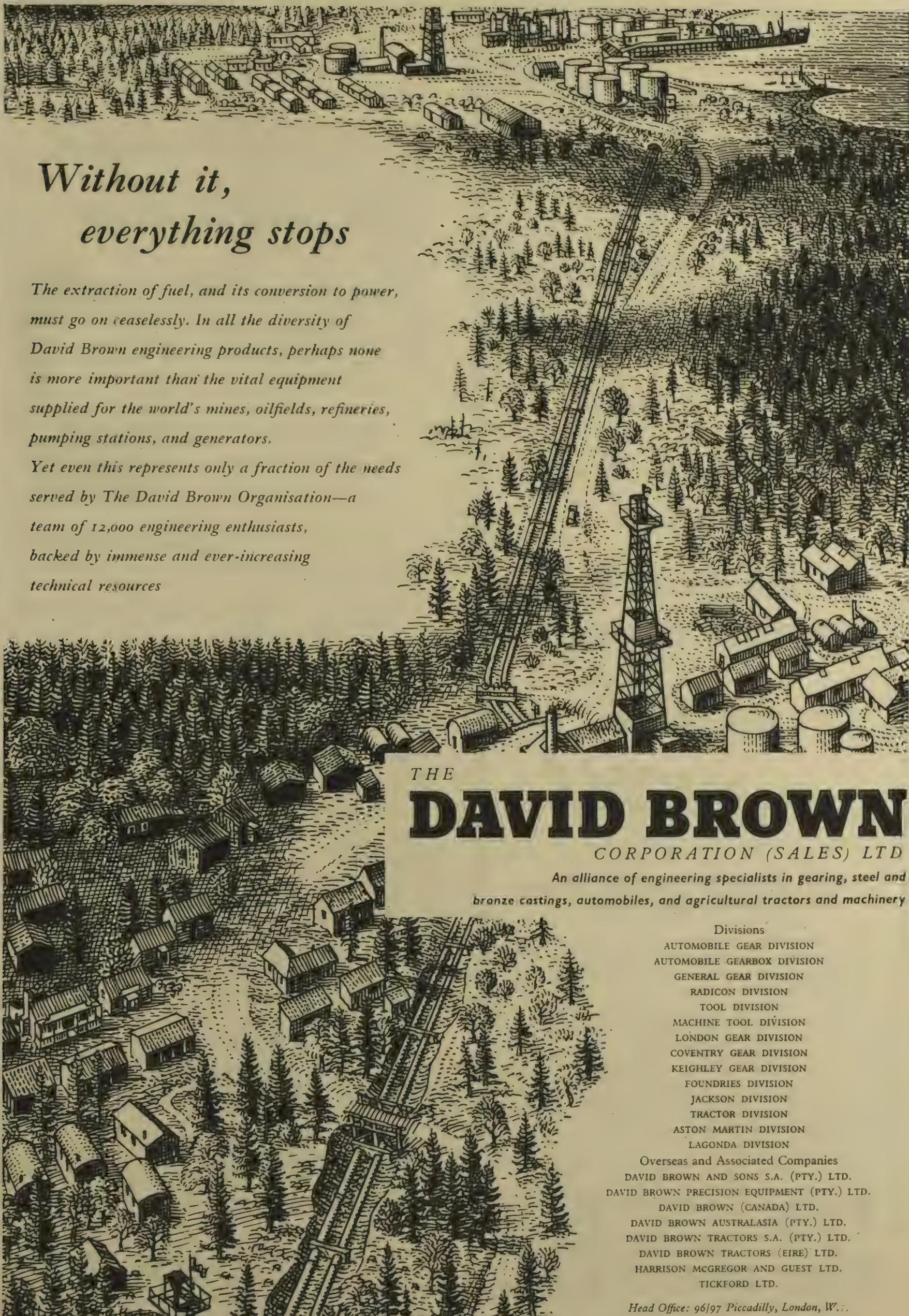


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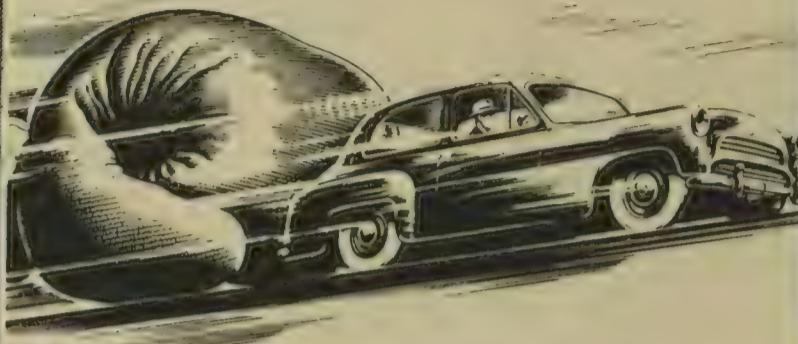
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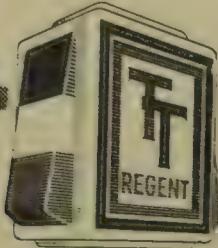
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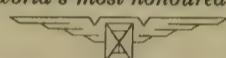
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12th April. The Minister of Education opened the Conference of the National Association of Mental Health at Harrogate today. Hospitals all over the world use Newton Victor X-ray and Ediswan shock therapy equipment for the diagnosis and treatment of mental disorders.

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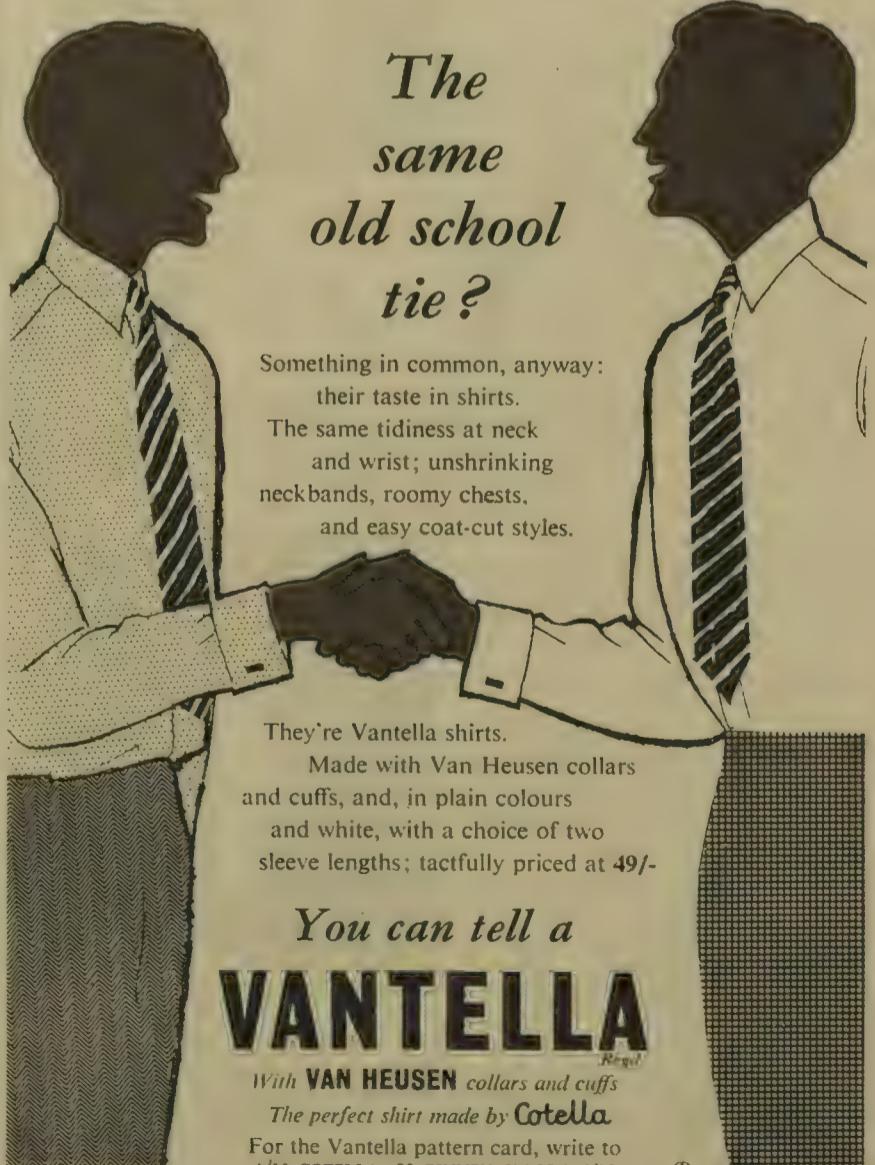
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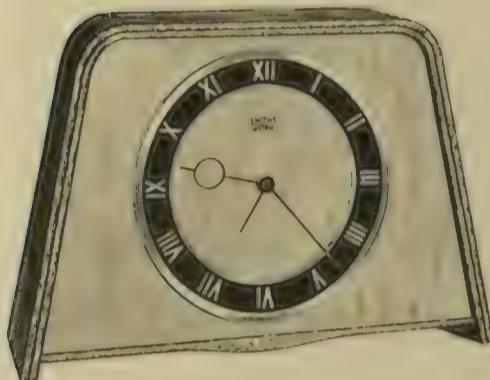
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